

# THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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## CONTENTS

NOTES OF THE WEEK ... 145

### LEADING ARTICLES:

England and Egypt ... 148  
A Queer Invitation ... 149

### MIDDLE ARTICLES:

Disarmament: What America  
Thinks. From Our American  
Correspondent ... 150  
The Nation and Drink—III 151  
Amateur or Professional? ... 152  
Polish Interlude—III. By  
J. B. Priestley ... 153

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 154

### THE THEATRE:

Having a Heart. By Ivor  
Brown ... 155

BROADCASTING ... 156

### LITERARY COMPETITIONS:

Set by T. Michael Pope ... 156

BACK NUMBERS—CXXXVII 156

### REVIEWS:

The Art of Examination. By  
Edward Shanks ... 159  
French Liberal Thought in the  
Eighteenth Century ... 160  
Twelve Portraits of the French  
Revolution ... 160  
The Restoration and the July  
Monarchy ... 160  
The Makers of Civilization 161  
Herman Melville ... 161

### REVIEWS—continued

The Diary of the Revd.  
William Jones ... 162  
The Silent Cities ... 162  
An Angler's Paradise ... 163  
Rod and Line ... 163  
Life in the Middle Ages ... 164

### NEW FICTION. By L. P. Hartley

The World's Illusion ... 164  
Worlds' Ends ... 164

SHORTER NOTICES ... 166

THE AUGUST MAGAZINES 166

ACROSTICS ... 166

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE 169

THE CITY ... 169

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

WHEN Mr. Snowden uttered his famous and vehement protest in the House of Commons against the policy which has made Great Britain the victim (as a rule the voluntary victim) of the various war-debt settlements, he could hardly have foreseen himself, so soon afterwards, the British representative at the Conference that was to end (this time, of course, "finally") the Reparations problem. But the outburst, so shocking to the respectabilities of British public life, so expressive of the convictions of the British people, has done him no harm. On the contrary it has made him at The Hague a figure of mark, a point of uncertainty and speculation, a formidable and unpredictable force. This is an unusual but by no means an unwholesome position for the spokesman of this country to occupy, and Mr. Snowden turned it to early and vigorous account by assuring the astonished delegates that "Great Britain, and every Government in Great Britain, will insist upon Great Britain being fairly treated in this matter."

There is much in the Young Plan that this country is bound to approve. It forestalls the collapse of the Dawes scheme by substituting a better one in its place and thus averting a world-wide financial crisis. It determines Germany's ultimate liabilities and it both binds her and makes it possible for her to discharge them in freedom from the exasperating compulsion of foreign control. There are other gains, but they are accompanied by certain conditions that have aroused the strongest feelings throughout Great Britain. The Young Plan divides the payment of the Germans into two categories, in the most valuable of which Great Britain is allowed virtually no share whatever. It alters the Spa percentages to Great Britain's disadvantage and it continues the system of deliveries in kind which has proved a sustained disaster to post-war British trade. In his firmly-stated objection to these three features of the Young Plan, Mr. Snowden will certainly have the backing of the Government and the country.

What is more, he will need it. There will be a tremendous pressure put upon him to accept the view that the Young Plan is an indivisible whole



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and that to alter it in any vital particular is to reopen the whole question. He will be implored to think of the Young Plan as the financial and economic supplement to Locarno, the political benefits of which as an instrument of European pacification cannot be measured in pounds and pence. He will be tearfully reminded that nothing in Europe can be healthy and stable when France and Great Britain are at odds. He will be tempted by the offer of political concessions—e.g., an early and complete evacuation of the Rhineland—to offset the further financial sacrifices demanded of the British taxpayer. Our Chancellor of the Exchequer is a stubborn man, but nothing less than the outspoken and whole-hearted support of his colleagues and the nation will enable him to carry his points.

The article from our American Correspondent which we publish to-day will upset only those British advocates of naval disarmament who have failed to profit by the experience of the very recent past. In this REVIEW, while applauding the goal, we have urged the wisdom of approaching it warily. The warning is emphasized, from another angle, by the unvarnished picture our Correspondent paints of America's views and sentiments. It is not altogether a pleasant picture—few truthful portraits of what any nation really feels and thinks on any international issue can afford to be pleasant. But it is intensely informative, for the very reason that it is sternly and unemotionally realistic. The difficulties that surround this whole problem of limiting armaments are endless, and one of them unquestionably is the rather hard and angular national consciousness on the other side of the Atlantic. That is no reason why Mr. MacDonald should not try the emollient of his persuasiveness. But it is a good reason for not being surprised if he fails to work miracles.

In the East, Press opinion is a very questionable index of public opinion, but since the Egyptian papers which welcome the treaty proposals are the organs of the intellectuals we may at least assume that the most critical sections of the Egyptian public are pleased. There is other evidence that an immediate referendum on the proposals would show a large majority in favour of them. But there is a long way to be travelled before ratification by the Egyptian Parliament, and there will be opportunities for agitators to distort Great Britain's attitude in the endeavour to establish a reputation for greater patriotism than is shown by the friends of the proposed treaty. Supposing that the proposals are eventually approved by both the Egyptian and the British Parliaments, that will not automatically result in perfect amity and consistent co-operation. Political gratitude is notoriously a wasting asset, and causes of friction may arise at any time. It will be well, therefore, alike in Egypt and in Great Britain, for political leaders, while examining the new proposals with goodwill, to refrain from rash assumptions. We have in mind assumptions that are blackly pessimistic as well as those which are roseate. Lord Brentford, for instance, is doing nothing towards a settlement by his incontinent assault on the offer made to Egypt. An outcry that at every point we are giving Egypt too much can only provoke

Egyptian protests that we are giving altogether too little. We deal with this subject in a leading article.

The cotton dispute, one of the least excusable disputes in British industry, still finds both sides engaged in a distant bombardment. There is some talk of undefined "arbitration" and of Government mediation but no real approach to the realities on which alone a settlement can be based. Those realities can be compressed into the statement that while lower wages may be necessary to the full recovery of the cotton trade, they can never by themselves set it on its feet again. A most drastic financial liquidation and the complete reorganization of the industry into large-scale units—these are the essential and unescapable preliminaries to any real revival. It is because the owners have shirked their duties and their opportunities in these matters, and have come to regard a reduction in wages as the crucial element of the problem, that the present lock-out deserves its title as "one of the least excusable disputes in British industry."

The tension on the Yugoslav-Bulgarian frontier, which has been gravely accentuated during the past month, has been partially relieved by the return of the Yugoslav minister to Sofia. Direct negotiations for a settlement of the outstanding differences are likely to be resumed at once and there is some hope that at any rate a part of the Pirot recommendations will be accepted. Hitherto, the chief stumbling-block to any compromise has been Yugoslavia's insistence on the exchange of proprietors, i.e., the withdrawal of Yugoslav proprietors from Bulgarian territory and of Bulgarian proprietors from Yugoslav territory within a certain prescribed frontier zone. As such an arrangement is very much to Bulgaria's disadvantage, being in fact tantamount to a permanent abandonment of her moral claims to those portions of Yugoslav territory where the Bulgarian population is in the majority, Bulgaria is little inclined to accept. On the other hand, Yugoslavia has undoubtedly a legitimate grievance against the subversive activities promoted in Yugoslav territory by the Macedonian Revolutionary Organization. Owing to internal disputes and perhaps also to the restraining influence of the Liapstchef Government the M.R.O. has recently shown a welcome restraint, and the atmosphere is more favourable for a compromise than it has been for a long time. Yugoslav national pride will never submit to the establishment of a neutral zone under the control of an international gendarmerie, which would be the ideal solution of the problem; but even the appointment of the mixed commission, foreshadowed in the Pirot recommendations, to deal with frontier incidents would be a great step forward. And with a little kindly persuasion from France and Great Britain this achievement should not be impossible.

Sir Esmond Ovey, the newly appointed British Ambassador to Brazil, is one of the youngest British diplomatists who have attained this high rank. His appointment is peculiar: he has been passed over the head of fifteen senior Ministers. In so far as it is due to Sir Esmond's special



merits and not to the unfortunate reluctance (frequently expressed by British diplomats) of his senior colleagues to accept a South American post, the appointment should give satisfaction in trade circles. Sir Esmond, who has been a minister for less than four years, has made his reputation by his skilful handling of the many difficult commercial problems which have accumulated as a consequence of the Mexican revolutionary troubles, and in showing its appreciation of these special qualifications the Foreign Office is to be congratulated on a welcome departure from its previous practice. In the Argentine Sir Malcolm Robertson has shown what an active Ambassador can do to stimulate British trade when he gives his mind and his energy, as in South America he should do, to its furtherance. We trust that this aspect of the organization of our foreign services will receive proper attention from the Economic Mission which is at present visiting South America under the able leadership of Lord D'Abernon.

In February, we urged the Dean and Chapter of Westminster to "think many times before setting their immediate convenience against the greater interests of their charge." In June, there was formed a Council for Protection of Westminster Abbey, and this body at the end of last month requested the Dean to receive a deputation with reference to the proposed addition of a sacristy to the Abbey. The Dean, replying, is prepared to receive the deputation, but informs the Council that "the scheme has been before the public for two years, that the whole long history has been published at every stage, that the question has been considered by the London Society and the Society of Antiquaries and by the Royal Fine Arts Commission, that it is now settled and the necessary orders given." But the first public announcement of the scheme was made, not two years ago, but in March, 1928; the Society of Antiquaries and the London Society were not favourable to the scheme; and there are two opinions about the terms in which the scheme was put before the Royal Fine Arts Commission. These considerations set aside, we venture to remind the Dean that, rightly or wrongly, the bulk of the nation thinks of the Abbey as primarily a sublime historical monument, only secondarily as a functioning ecclesiastical institution in need of more convenience for its work. Until the nation can be educated out of that view, we suggest deference to its wishes.

The figures of the Ministry of Agriculture for the year's crop show the usual phenomena—a reduction in the arable acreage and an increase in the area under permanent grass. Wheat and barley are both down by over 60,000 acres while oats, potatoes and sugar-beet have increased. There are 70,000 fewer cattle this year than last and a startling drop in pigs, no fewer than 600,000 or 20 per cent. Statistics such as these fluctuate, of course, from year to year, but their tendency is unmistakable—the plough is fighting in Britain a losing battle. Most people deplore the fact, but the most modern school of agricultural scientists are not at all depressed. They rely on new discoveries in fertilizers and methods of cultivation that will provide grass for

four million cows three or four weeks earlier than is now possible, and lead to super-yields from smaller plots. Compared with almost any other industry agriculture is only just beginning to get in touch with science.

Southern England is being rapidly and recklessly industrialized. The increase in the number of factories in the south during the last eight years amounts to more than 3,000, and in one small area, between Acton and Slough, the factory-worker population has been nearly trebled in a still shorter time. We have called this development reckless because there is no intelligent and effective control of the location of new factories, and often very little thought for the welfare of the workers or for the convenience of earlier established residents. Sir Edgar Bonham Carter has therefore done very well, in a letter to *The Times*, in raising the question how the gross and increasing evils of this industrialization of the south can be checked. The development itself no one can wish to hamper, but there is not even a base economic argument for allowing it to proceed without direction. He suggests the ownership and development of the land either by public utility companies or by the local authorities. Without pretending to pronounce on the merits of the alternatives, we earnestly commend the matter to the attention of all who object to seeing southern England converted into a replica of the abomination which Victorian industrialism proudly produced in the north.

Our Agricultural Correspondent writes: A remarkably interesting report on milk production on twenty farms in the south-eastern counties has just been published by the Wye Agricultural College.\* The investigations were carried out by Mr. James Wyllie, the agricultural economist, who is adviser to the college, in five years of observation. The farms were not specially selected; they were strictly commercial farms in the hands of farmers, and no certified milk was produced by them. Ninety-four per cent. of the milk sold was sold on the ordinary liquid milk market. They were divided into three groups: group 1, of five farms, showed an average profit of 112s. per cow per annum in the five years ended Michaelmas, 1928; group 2, of eight farms, showed an average loss of 72s.; group 3, of seven farms, an average loss of 174s. The first two groups consisted of *bona fide* full-time farmers. Together they show an average profit on their farms. Group 3, which shows an average loss, was composed of farmers who had other sources of income. Some of their losses have been heavy. The farm that gave the best return for money invested (14 per cent.) contained the cows that gave the lowest average milk yield of any—555 gallons compared with an average of just on 700 gallons for the other four group 1 farms. This group depended upon gradually reducing the ratio of the food consumed to each gallon of milk produced. The investigation indicates the value of personal supervision. It shows too that one department of agriculture, at any rate, can be made to yield a profit even in these hard times, but not by rule-of-thumb farming.

\* 'Milk Production: Five Years' Costs and Financial Results.' By James Wyllie, Wye College, Kent. 2s. 2d.

## ENGLAND AND EGYPT

THE new draft agreement between Mr. Henderson and Mahmud Pasha is in the main a reasonable enough document; on the whole it should commend itself to political common sense both in England and Egypt. That approval here will be fairly general we have little doubt, for though Mr. Churchill and Lord Birkenhead evidently knew something about the agreement before the adjournment, and seemed anxious to condemn it in advance, it is fairly certain that they were speaking for themselves and not for their party. That it will be unpopular with army men is likely enough, for Cairo can be an attractive and even a demoralizing station, and the region of the canal banks to which the agreement, if it goes through, will transfer the British troops, will certainly be neither. But the amenities of life in the army will not prevail against a considered view of our national interest, and we have no doubt that the Conservative Party, as a whole, will subscribe to the views of successive heads of the Foreign Office. For the new agreement embodies no party policy but represents the deliberate view held in the Foreign Office and shared by the last Foreign Minister of what is in the common interest alike of England and of Egypt.

The chief criticism which the Government will have to face at home will be not so much on the merits of the agreement as on their refusal to inform Parliament before it rose of the general lines on which the negotiations were proceeding. To refuse all real information when cross-questioned in Parliament just before it rose, and then to publish this elaborate document as soon as Parliament is got out of the way, is surely not the method to commend the agreement to the country. On the manner of the agreement and its publication Parliament will no doubt have much to say; but its substance will, we imagine, not generally be attacked. The more serious Parliamentary difficulties will probably be in Egypt, where the elected representatives of the people have not up to now shown any political capacity; nor will it commend the agreement to them that it is submitted for their approval by Mahmud Pasha, who has suspended their rights. We can only hope that the Nationalist sentiment of Egypt is not now too inflamed to listen to prudent practical counsels.

Our work for the internal welfare of Egypt is now as complete as we can make it. No doubt self-government will undo much of the good that we have done; but Egypt apparently thinks that it is better to be self-governed than well-governed, and with that frame of mind there is no arguing. The present condition cannot last. Either we have to declare a Protectorate and govern Egypt without regard to her wishes, or we are bound to make some fresh attempt to reach a settlement by con-

sent. In negotiating this agreement Mr. Henderson has proceeded along the same lines as previous Foreign Ministers since the Treaty was promulgated acknowledging Egypt as an independent country. Only in one respect has it ever been sought to place any limitation on Egypt's right to manage (or mismanage) her own internal affairs; one of the reservations attached to the Treaty of Independence was that we were to have the duty of protecting the lives and property of foreigners in Egypt, and it was presumably to enable us to fulfil this responsibility that the British army of occupation remained at Cairo. The idea was that only by taking this responsibility on ourselves could we claim the right to prevent other Powers from intervening to protect their subjects.

On the other hand the Egyptian Nationalists objected that it was no sort of independence which left a foreign army in occupation with the right to intervene whenever the lives or property of foreigners were in danger. Under the new agreement we resign the duty of protecting foreigners, and the Egyptian Government take over the whole responsibility. That limits the military duty of the British army in Egypt to the protection of the canal, and accordingly it is to be transferred from Cairo to fresh quarters to be provided by the Egyptian Government on the banks of the Suez Canal.

There is no question of controlling Egypt's relations with other Powers. If foreign lives or property are in danger, the negotiations on their behalf will be conducted by the Government concerned direct with Egypt; only in the event of the foreign Power attempting to intervene by force—and that is a disquieting contingency—will this country have rights or duties towards Egypt. We undertake to support Egypt's claim to admission to the League of Nations, and if she be threatened with war, the two of us are to endeavour to secure a peaceful settlement through the League. But should those efforts fail, we intervene by virtue of a military alliance that is to be concluded. Similarly, by virtue of that alliance Egypt is to be our ally whenever we are at war. Moreover, there is to be preference given to British subjects in any official employment given to foreigners in Egypt, and Egypt is to manage its own army, but if any foreigners are employed in it they must be British.

It is idle to deny that these proposals do not go further than anything that had been suggested hitherto; but the change is not in principle but only in the practical application of that principle. The diplomatic and military alliance between our two countries may prove preferable as a guarantee of internal peace co-operation to the presence in the heart of Egypt of a British garrison. For the mere presence of that garrison relieves the Egyptian Government of their responsibility for the protection of foreign lives and property. With responsibility undivided, they are more likely to do their duty.

We are in Egypt not only for Egypt's sake but also for our own safety. The Suez Canal is a link in the chain of our Imperial communications, no less vital than the railway lines between London and the North of England, and the supreme test of any agreement between England



and Egypt is what effect it is likely to have on the safety of the Canal and its free use by us at all times. If a British army in Cairo were necessary for this safety, a British army would have to be there, whether or not its presence were inconsistent with Egyptian independence, and if there were no means of obtaining the consent of the Egyptian people, we should have to proclaim a Protectorate without that consent. Let there be no misunderstanding on that point. But will it be seriously contended that the Suez Canal cannot be defended except from Cairo? Or that a British army in Cairo, surrounded by a possibility of hostile population, would be in a better position to defend the Canal than an army on the banks of the Canal with a navy in command of the sea at either end? To ask these questions is to answer them. Nor is it unimportant that if this agreement goes through this army defending the canal will be uniform in equipment with the Egyptian army, and that the two countries will be military allies in war and diplomatic allies in peace. If it is necessary to have a secure base at some distance from the front, surely that base might even more conveniently be in Palestine than in Cairo.

There is, therefore, no reason to think that the new distribution of troops will make the Canal less secure; on the contrary the concentration of troops there and the construction of fortified lines ought to make it impregnable. And if by this redistribution we can also secure an alliance with Egypt and the friendship of her people, the advantage should be enormous.

### A QUEER INVITATION

IN the business of attracting the foreigner, a business to which most nations devote considerable and considered effort, the English campaign has been slow and fumbling. One organization was formed to conduct propaganda, but it wilted for lack of support. Apparently the hotel-owners of this country believed that it was enough to go on serving boiled cabbage and sodden lumps of potato with every meal; thus visitors might be stirred by curiosity to see for themselves whether the view current in Hamlet's Denmark about the universal madness of the English was or was not true. But even the blend of cabbages and kings supplied by residence in a "private hotel" and a trip to Westminster Abbey failed to be a lasting lure. Propaganda has been deemed necessary and started afresh, and a new "Travel Association of Great Britain and Ireland" is in being; we wish it all success.

But fortune will only follow upon diligence and judgment, and one of its productions, a leaflet called 'Come to Britain this Year,' seems to us a singularly uninviting document. This call to "tourisme" was found along with the other appeals of other nations in the writing-room of a foreign hotel and no doubt it has been widely spread over Europe. London is flooded with extremely handsome foreign travel propaganda which is often informative and effective. Needless to say, the leaflets and pamphlets of the foreigner are offered to the English in English.

We do not know to what extent our Travel Association bothers to approach the foreigner in his own tongue, but the particular leaflet 'Come to Britain this Year' was found in a Swedish hotel and it is written in one language only, English. Though some Swedes speak English well, such knowledge of our tongue is by no means universal or even common in Sweden, where, incidentally, a more general alternative to the speech of the country is German. It would have been tactful, to say the least of it, to approach the Swede in his own language; is the cost of a translator so far beyond the resources of the Travel Association?

When we looked into this invitation we were the more amazed. It contained an extract from a speech of Mr. Baldwin's about the beauty of the English countryside, which may well carry its weight; there is also a note from the first President of the Association, Lord Derby, who somewhat unnecessarily advises the potential visitor that "we were ever slow starters" and then expresses a hope that we shall now begin to "deliver the goods" in the business of entertaining. After this rather drab and diffident note, we looked for a more enlivening appeal, but the rest of the leaflet consists entirely of a Social Calendar for 1929. It is now August and, if the pamphlet is still piled up where it lay last month, it will instruct the foreigner faithfully in what he did not see because he was not here in April, May, June, and July. He can gather, for instance, the startling information that "Summer Time" began on April 21. That ought to set him on tip-toe for a race to the booking-office.

In general this calendar is a quite absurd affair. Not only is it written in English but it presupposes a comprehensive knowledge of English life and a singular addiction to English sports. How many Swedes will shed bitter tears on discovering that they have missed the Test Matches at Leeds and Manchester, and will vow to be over in time for the Oval? Very few people on the Continent have the faintest knowledge of cricket, and, since the game is unintelligible and unimpressive to the innocent spectator, what possible gain is there in advertising it as an attraction for strangers?

It is not only the choice of subject which makes the calendar ridiculous, but the general lack of any explanation of its curious entries. "Sept. 11, The St. Leger, Doncaster." "Oct. 16, The Cesarewitch at Newmarket." There is nothing even to point out that these affairs are horse-races. Were this invitation to stir a single traveller some luckless foreigner might reasonably arrive at Newmarket in the hope that he was about to see a royal ghost or a famous tragedy about modern Russia. The carelessness of the whole production is shown by the fact that the Derby and the Oaks are at least described as "racing," though racing of what animal or machine is not stated. Since the Derby is labelled "racing" and the Cesarewitch is not, the foreigner might well decide that the latter must be some particular oddity of Anglo-Russian relations. When he reaches Oct. 30, our puzzled Swede hears of the Cambridgeshire, which is described as "racing" but has no locality attributed to it. It might be a race of one-legged pedestrians round the County of Cambridge for all he could tell. Could any

propaganda have been done in a less imaginative or more slovenly way?

Lest the Travel Association retort that destructive criticism is easy and useless, let us make some suggestions. What is the kind of thing that might delightfully surprise a travelling foreigner? Surely that England is a land of most compact variety. A Swede is used to long stretches of pine-clad and rocky country, which, though beautiful, does not greatly vary; many Europeans know the immensity and monotony of the northern plain. Their fast trains are not as fast as ours and they must regard travelling as a matter of long hours. Surely, then, it would be sensible to point out how compressed is the changeable beauty of the comparatively tiny English scene, and to remind them that they can breakfast in London and be in Stratford-on-Avon before noon and that, if they go by road, they can pass Oxford. Again, attention might be drawn to the number and quality of our road-services and a little itinerary sketched which would cover in a few days many places of English life and beauty; say, for instance, London, Salisbury, Bristol, Wells, and so through Devon and Cornwall. Or they might be reminded that a journey to Scotland by the east coast includes York (with expresses to and from) and that a return by the west coast allows a detour into the Lake Country.

It should be worth emphasizing that our express trains bring Oxford and Cambridge as near to London by time-rate as any of the outer suburbs. Indeed, anyone who travels before he writes for the traveller would be able to pick up a score of points that would interest the European, although they seem obvious to us. The Travel Association's leaflet is not only sent to Sweden and elsewhere in English; it is written entirely from the English point of view and assumes that the kind of foreigner who is keen enough to travel is going to be deeply fascinated by Newmarket or the Oval, just as if he had been educated at Eton or Rugby. The Travel Association must use what wits it has or send out for more. Let it "wake up and dream."

## DISARMAMENT: WHAT AMERICA THINKS

[FROM OUR AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT]

Washington, July 22

THERE may be ordinary Americans who are vitally interested in the proposed disarmament conference: if there are, they are keeping strangely quiet. The newspapers are printing columns of discussions about it; everything that Mr. Dawes says is duly reported; every question asked in the Commons which remotely impinges upon the naval question is known to our newspapers quite as quickly, I suspect, as it is known to yours. But one may be forgiven for doubting whether most readers of the newspapers give even the headlines more than a passing glance.

The general apathy was broken through for a few days when the first suggestion was made that Mr. MacDonald should visit this country. Indeed, I should say that a genuine feeling of friendliness was inspired by that tentative gesture. But hardly had the suggestion been offered when the "experts"

began their interminable discussion. Interest and spontaneity forthwith evaporated. Most thoughtful Americans are looking forward without enthusiasm to another horn-swoggling contest like the last one at Geneva, and they rather expect that your experts will try to cheat us and that ours will try to cheat you. A day or two ago it was announced that Mr. MacDonald will surely come, but the papers, sensing perhaps that their public had been lost, printed the news on inside pages. With us there is no genuine body of opinion demanding action comparable to that which exists on your side of the water.

Nor, to be quite frank, can I discern any reason why such a body of opinion should exist. If you enter upon a naval race with the United States, it will bear heavily upon every man, woman and child in your country. The navy you already support is a grievous burden to you. But the United States carries the burden of its present navy without any sense of strain whatsoever. It could carry a burden three or four times as great without undue suffering. Americans thus know that they have the better of the situation as it exists at the moment and that they will continue to have the better of it if your experts and our experts come to blows in another cheating contest. Their only reason for demanding reduction would be overwhelming sympathy for Great Britain and its taxpayer. Of such an emotion I can discern no sign.

Are Americans, then, determined to have a big navy? Probably not consciously. But possession of it would seem the most natural thing in the world to them. They have—or think they have—the most money, the handsomest women, the best government, the tallest buildings, the biggest farms, the best climate and so on down the line. Why shouldn't they have the most powerful navy as well?

Even intellectuals reach the same conclusion. A year ago they were all prophesying war with Great Britain, not because they wanted it but because it seemed to them inevitable; now, however, they have rationalized a bit further and have come to hold almost the same ideas as the man in the street. "The only country we need fear," they say, "is Great Britain, and the British are too sensible to attack us if we are strong enough to give them a drubbing. Therefore we may as well build a big navy and so prevent war." This argument may be specious but it is effective with a large body of American opinion.

You will note that in this cross-section of the American mind which I have tried to give, there is no idealistic note, no single humanitarian impulse. To give any other impression of the present attitude of our people in so far as it concerns relations with Great Britain would be to distort the truth. Idealism as an effective force is out of fashion in this country. It has been out of fashion since Wilson came home with the League of Nations—the Washington Conference of 1921 to the contrary notwithstanding. Americans, in so far as they consider our relations with you at all, consider them with cold and even suspicious eyes. They will be charitable to you, perhaps, if you ask for charity, but they will not sacrifice an iota of their present domination.

And this attitude, I imagine, will find its expression in the forthcoming naval conference. However much the statesman may discuss the community of interests which is alleged to exist between the two nations, however much the experts may pretend they are seeking an absolute equality of naval power, there will be no yielding of any vital point on this side of the water. The conference, to thoughtful people, will serve merely to dramatize the rift, to make more millions conscious of it. Small wonder that many friends of Great Britain in this country say that it would be better were there no conference at all.



## THE NATION AND DRINK

## III—THE PROBLEM OF THE CLUBS

IT was pointed out in an earlier article in this series that during this century the decline in the number of public-houses has been accompanied by a striking increase in the number of clubs. In a considerable number of cases, there has been no room to hesitate between *post hoc* and *propter hoc*: the new club has been established in the very premises of the public-house shut down as redundant or grossly misconducted. In Mr. Ernest Selley's book on the English public-house, there is cited an instance from Birmingham in which, less than a month after £4,590 had been paid as compensation for the closing of a public-house, a registered club was opened at the same address for the same clients. Again, some of the less reputable brewers, unable to secure houses in certain areas, have been known to lend large sums for the opening of clubs with no social object, simply to find an outlet for their beer. And it is notorious that a large proportion of night clubs are established with no purpose but proprietorial gain by questionable means.

Why, then, does the legislature persist in lumping all clubs together, the members' clubs with the proprietorial, the boozing dens with institutions founded for genuine social purposes, those fastidious in choosing members and exacting obedience to rules with those that admit anyone with money to spend? As regards one great class of clubs, those for working men, it is contended that it would be an outrage on democratic principles to discriminate against them. Leaving democracy, sorry jade, to look after herself, it would certainly be unfair to discriminate against them because the bulk of their members are comparatively poor. But why not discriminate between club and club, in the category of working men's clubs as in all others? Why cling to D.O.R.A.'s dilemma of profligacy for all or persecution for all?

There is no practical difficulty in distinguishing between the clubs that should have liberty restored to them and those which should, in regard to fixed hours and the police right of entry, be treated like public licensed premises. The tests are simple: (1) Is the institution owned by the general body of its members, without any one person among them or any group being specially interested in the sale of liquor? (2) Whatever its ostensible objects, is it an association of persons genuinely bound together by community of political, social, intellectual, or other reputable interests, or is it composed mainly of persons having nothing in common except thirst or a taste for gambling? (3) Is the committee made up of reputable persons, and do the rules give it real control over the club? (4) Are the premises such as to enable the club to achieve its declared objects, or do they provide for little more than a bar? (5) Is the subscription in reasonable relation to the avowed policy of the club, or has it been fixed unreasonably low, in expectation of the *anima errans in sicco* and willing to pay a year's subscription for the privilege of an occasional, probably out-of-hours, drink?

If these questions can be answered satisfactorily, whether it be in St. James's Street or in the East End, the club should be granted registration as a club in the old sense. In the classic case of *Graff v. Evans*, 1882, a decision never reversed, and not to be reversed except by putting Bedlam on the Bench, it was held that the acceptance of money for liquor in a members' club is not "sale" but "distribution." Of course, it is not sale, the essence of which is that the vendor (1) is not in partnership with the

purchaser, and (2) considers only his own interest in fixing the prices and in the allocation of the profit. Every whisky "sold" in a members' club is owned, as to some fraction of a drop, by every other member, though a share-out, with whisky at its war-and-peace strength, would be as unexhilarating as the Socialist millennium. A members' club is a "private place"; and indeed the second home of those who sing, 'Home, acidulated Home,' reflecting that the author of the original was named Payne. The Act of 1902 required the registration of all clubs distributing potential intoxicants, a perfectly reasonable measure, since it could be used to put spurious clubs in their proper place. The Act of 1910, reproducing much of the Act of 1902, quite rightly interposed a year between the disqualification of premises and their use as a club providing liquor. But there came the war, when nobody was in the mood to question any restriction that seemed to make for victory: it was decreed by the Defence of the Realm Act that clubs should be limited in hours for the sale of drink virtually as if they were public-houses. And now we have the monstrous suggestion that members' clubs, described as other than licensed premises by the Act of 1910, should suffer the intrusion of the impeccable, because un-Goddarded police, as if members' clubs were not private places.

The question of the hours in which a club proposes to supply liquor to its members may fairly be considered in judging of the sincerity of its declared objects. Clearly, a club which intended to open its bar at 2 a.m. should for that reason be denied a place among free clubs and forced to keep to public-house hours. But in the absence of such perversity or other suspicious features, there is no good reason why a members' club should not be allowed ample liberty to fix its own hours, to suit those who use it. It is, by the legal decision already cited, by the admission of the Act of 1910, and in the view of most people, a private place; and we have not yet arrived at the doctrine that an Englishman may not have a glass of wine in his private house except within appointed hours.

But nothing sane will be done in regard to clubs, or for that matter in regard to hotels, restaurants, and improved public-houses, till the authors of legislation clear their minds of cant and prejudice and the nonsensical belief that every establishment, whatever its character, supplying alcoholic beverages, of whatever sort and with whatever motive, deserves virtually the same treatment.

It is indeed necessary to go much further. As suggested in the first of these articles, to produce a sound policy it is not enough to amend licensing administration, provide uniformity, and narrow the scope now permitted to local licensing authorities and the busybody witnesses who appear before them to object on principle to any and every new licence. What must be done is that each part of the policy must be related, as no one since Mr. Gladstone has attempted to relate it. Fiscal policy made the nation in the eighteenth century first gin-sodden, then Port-logged, by denying all except the very rich the light, health-giving wines of France. It can now and in the future defeat the objects of reform. It ought to encourage the use of the most beneficial beverages, under guarantees of their authenticity. What a man drinks, and where, are questions even more important than between what hours. The personal, the national, the international consequences of drinking Claret are other than those of gulping methylated spirit; and to sum up both as alcohol is as silly as confusing a disreputable night club with a centre of civilized social intercourse.

X.

## AMATEUR OR PROFESSIONAL?

[FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT]

Tuesday, August 6

**B**EFORE the end of the year the British Government will be called upon to make at least three important ambassadorial appointments: within a few months Sir Esmé Howard, the British Ambassador in Washington, will be retiring altogether from diplomacy; the probable renewal of diplomatic relations with Soviet Russia will necessitate the sending of an ambassador to Moscow; and the resignation of Lord Lloyd, our High Commissioner in Cairo, involves the appointment of a new High Commissioner or, if the proposed Egyptian treaty is ratified, an ambassador to that difficult post. In making these appointments will the Labour Government go outside the diplomatic service or will Mr. MacDonald's passion for "correctness" induce him to restrict his choice to the ranks of the professional diplomats? Piquancy is added to this speculation by Mr. Winston Churchill's sensational attack on the Foreign Office in his speech in the House of Commons on the resignation of Lord Lloyd.

In this country the appointment of men outside the diplomatic service to important embassies is an innovation or at any rate a modern revival. The post of Washington, it is true, has frequently been filled—sometimes, as in the case of Lord Bryce and Lord Reading, with great success and distinction—by non-professional diplomatists, but it was not until the war that the practice of appointing politicians to other embassies was adopted on anything like a large scale. During the coalition ministry of Mr. Lloyd George, Washington, Paris, Berlin and Cairo, which may fairly be said to represent the four chief posts in the diplomatic service, were held by amateurs, while on at least one occasion another embassy and even a legation was offered to an outside politician. During Mr. Bonar Law's administration the practice was continued, and when Lord Derby resigned from Paris the appointment was given to Lord Crewe. When Sir Austen Chamberlain became Foreign Secretary, there was a reversal (intentional or unwitting) of this policy, and the fact that to-day the embassies of Paris, Washington, and Berlin are held by professional diplomats seems to lend some colour to Mr. Churchill's view that in the Foreign Office itself there is a strong prejudice against the appointment of outside diplomats.

This prejudice undoubtedly exists. In a large measure it is the natural disappointment of the man whose whole life has been shaped by one ambition and who sees the prize, for which he has endured so many years of exile, carried off at the last moment by an inexperienced outsider. That the amateur ambassador is sometimes incompetent as well as inexperienced, and that the bulk of his work has to be done by his professional counsellor, does not diminish the latter's dislike of these appointments. In the service, therefore, there is a prejudice against the amateur ambassador, and such influence as the professional diplomat possesses—in the case of a weak Foreign Secretary it is obviously strong—is exercised against the making of such appointments. Where Mr. Churchill went wrong was in his suggestion that this influence was employed to induce the Foreign Secretary to cancel such appointments once they had been made. Only a knight-errant, burning to defend his wounded friend, could have been guilty of so foolish an accusation against the most loyal Civil Service in the world.

Nevertheless, the views of Mr. Churchill and of the professional diplomats on this controversy are beside the point. The appointment of ambassadors

should be a strictly non-party question, in which the good of the State is the only consideration. As to the relative merits of amateur and professional diplomats no exact formula is possible. Among politicians there is a large body of opinion which favours the appointment of public men of reputed standing and of large experience to the more important embassies. Mr. Lloyd George, for example, has a distinct predilection for such appointments, and his views on this subject are shared by more than one prominent political leader in the other parties. Undoubtedly, there is much to be said in favour of an ambassador whose life has been spent outside the somewhat narrow circle of diplomacy and whose knowledge of other subjects gives him advantages which the professional diplomat can never possess. One of the chief duties of a diplomat is to interpret to the government of the State to which he is accredited the policy of his own government. In this task an ambassador who has been a cabinet minister is in a far stronger position than a professional diplomat whose life has been spent far from the storm centre of English politics. Washington, with its special considerations and with its disregard for the traditions of European diplomacy, is essentially a post which can be better filled by a pre-eminent amateur than by the professional diplomat, and Mr. MacDonald, with his strong views on naval disarmament and on Anglo-American friendship is almost certain to replace Sir Esmé Howard by someone (e.g., Lord Thomson) who belongs to his own immediate circle of friends and who can be relied on to interpret his policy with sympathy and understanding. Paris, too, is a post which might with advantage be given to a politician, if only because the Quai D'Orsay, with its traditional respect for "the sharp mind in the velvet sheath," prefers a professional diplomat.

On the other hand, Cairo has almost always been entrusted to outside diplomatists. Since Lord Cromer there have been few outstanding successes, and to-day it would not be astonishing to find Lord Lloyd's successor in the ranks of the professional diplomats. Lord D'Abernon's knowledge of finance, his striking personality, and his wide experience of men and affairs made him the most successful ambassador of modern times. One swallow, however, does not make a summer, and this isolated triumph should not be used as an argument in favour of making Berlin a permanent preserve for politicians. Outside the diplomatic service there are, unfortunately, too few Englishmen whose knowledge of Germany and German conditions would qualify them for this important post.

Of the four ambassadorial appointments which the Labour Government will have to make, the most controversial is likely to be Moscow. There are sound arguments in favour of the appointment of a business man whose instructions will be to promote trade and to avoid political discussions like the plague. There are no arguments in favour of the appointment of a politician. There is certainly no politician in this country who knows Russia well enough to be able to play the Bolsheviks at their own game, and Mr. MacDonald will be wise if he resists the temptation to send a poor English political fly into the Bolshevik parlour. In a few weeks he would be entangled in the meshes of a political discussion on such subjects as disarmament or the freedom of the seas, to the huge delight of the Bolsheviks and the detriment of his own country. In the absence of a suitable business candidate, the appointment should be given to a professional diplomat.

Undoubtedly, the British diplomatic service has its limitations. Its chief defects are refusal to eliminate the inefficient and a legacy of snobbishness which



prevents the promotion of men of ability in the consular service. Even to-day it is still possible for a diplomat who has never done a real day's work in his life to attain ministerial rank, and in the Foreign Office itself there is an unfortunate tendency to appraise an ambassador more on his negative than on his positive qualities. Nevertheless, the service contains a fair proportion of men of outstanding ability whose intimate knowledge of foreign countries is of inestimable value to a country senselessly boasting that it knows nothing of foreign affairs. Since the war, too, the service has been thoroughly reorganized. It is attracting the best brains of the country, and it is no exaggeration to say that to-day it is the most competent diplomatic service in the world. The day has long passed when a young secretary was able to leave his Chancery at lunch time and to give no account of his doings until the next morning. To-day he is an expert who works as hard as any other public servant and whose ability is well above the standards of the rest of the Civil Service. Through long training he has become a skilled interpreter of foreign psychology and, above all, he has mastered Euripides's definition of diplomacy: the art of saying harsh things soothingly. Without his expert aid the non-professional ambassador would soon be engulfed in a sea of trouble, and the success of men like Lord D'Abernon and Lord Reading was only made possible by the expert and loyal assistance which they received from their professional staffs. The greatest argument against any extension of outside appointments is the fact that these appointments will inevitably result in the best diplomats quitting the career and in the best type of recruit refusing to enter a service in which all the plums are reserved for outsiders.

While, therefore, there may be sound reasons for sending a prominent statesman or politician to certain posts, a wise Foreign Secretary will ensure that the number of these appointments is limited to reasonable proportions. The United States, which hitherto has dealt out its diplomatic appointments as political rewards, is now reversing its policy and is rapidly improving the status of its professional service. The old system produced many successful ambassadors, but it also produced many notorious failures. The experience of America, whose diplomatic needs are less important than our own, should act as a deterrent against any temptation on the part of the Labour Government to destroy the efficiency of our own service by extending the principle of outside appointments to unreasonable limits.

### POLISH INTERLUDE—III

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

**M**OST foreign places do not live up to their position on the map. Look them up in an atlas, where perhaps they are washed by strange seas or surrounded by some mysterious plain or in the shadow of mountains as romantic as moons, and their remoteness gives you a thrill. But when you get there, you might be somewhere just beyond Ilford or between Paris and Rouen. Cracow is one of the exceptions. It looks well on the map—in that far corner, just under the Carpathians—and no matter how long you have brooded over that map, you are not disenchanted when you arrive there. Of all the Polish towns I saw, Cracow was easily my favourite. I could have spent months there. It is, of course, the

ancient capital, and was a tremendous place in the Middle Ages, so that it is filled with old buildings, which are all dominated by the Royal Castle and the Cathedral, both of them on a hill above the river. The Castle is being restored now, for the Austrians, who used it as a barracks, knocked it about a good deal. The succession of rooms through which I was led did not interest me very much, I must confess, but every glimpse I had of the great court, with its arches, arcades, and galleries, in a style neither Western nor Eastern but somewhere deliciously between the two, made me happy. Walking along those galleries, and looking out from the deep shade upon the sunlit arches opposite, I even forgot how thirsty I was. (And sight-seeing in Poland is terribly thirsty work.) I enjoyed too the descent into the crypt of the Cathedral, where the kings of Poland lie entombed in massive marble. Hoffman and Monk Lewis were foolish to overlook that crypt, which is just the setting for a scene in the best horrific Gothick style, with marble coffin lids being raised at midnight and hermits creeping from deep shadows to offer beautiful maidens the elixir of life.

I think I ought to add that I should have enjoyed that crypt still more if Financial Paper had not dropped one of his friendly remarks in my ear. I liked Financial Paper, a thoroughly decent chap, but he had a trick of creeping up to me whenever I was lost in some pleasant reverie and making some friendly and very gentlemanly observation in his almost episcopalian manner. "Very cool down heah, don't you think, Priestley?" he said, and promptly shattered the mood. He was always doing that at great moments. I ran across him in one of the most mysterious galleries of the colossal salt mine at Wieliczka, where he said: "I was just thinking, Priestley, they realhly must get an extraordinary amount of salt out of this mine." But I must admit that he did not spoil things as thoroughly as Trade Papers, who, bless his heart, never meant to, but did it simply by always looking the same wherever we were. His face never changed. Throughout the trip he wore exactly the same expression that he had brought on to the boat with him. He gave the Kiel Canal, the Danzig streets, the Polish plain, and everything else, the same look. You caught sight of him down a salt mine or on a mountain, in a palace or a cabaret, and he looked just the same, with the result that he took all reality away from these scenes and irritated you. The only time I saw him look different was when we went to Mr. Bernard Shaw's new play in Warsaw. He was in the next box, and, fascinated by this time, I had to glance at him. He was fast asleep.

Three of us spent one afternoon wandering about the Ghetto in Cracow. The Jews there are the real thing. The men wear side-curls and beards, and the old men look very picturesque, but the young ones, with their pale unhealthy faces, their sprouting whiskers, their long back coats, look like squelchy creatures out of a nightmare. The married women still shave their heads and wear wigs. Everybody is incredibly dirty and intends to remain so. They creep in and out of smelly hovels, like blackbeetles. We saw a little open market, where all these Hebrews were busy selling one another what appeared to

be the contents of the town dustcart. We visited the old synagogue, a lovely ancient building with a kind of cage in the middle, made of exquisite wrought ironwork, for the cantors. We also visited an old and now disused Jewish cemetery, a decaying tangle of weeds and stones, and there we found the grave of the miracle-working Rabbi. Every crevice in his tombstone is filled with bits of paper, for people write out their wishes on these bits of paper, in the belief that the Rabbi will attend to them. They also pray there. A middle-aged woman was wailing at the tomb when we arrived. She had, it appeared, a sick husband, and so wailed regularly at the tomb. If I had been the Rabbi, I should have attended to her at once, for never in my life have I heard such a desolating sound as that woman made, as she swayed there, wringing her hands. Yet when we crept round the corner, she suddenly stopped, looked at us with a cheerful interest and curiosity, with no signs of disturbance and grief in her face. The next moment she had turned away again, however, and was wailing as if the waters of Babylon glittered disconsolately before her eyes.

We spent one day, a day of rain and mist, visiting the little resort of Zakopane up in the mountains. We went by car and saw little or nothing on the way because the cars were covered, there was rain on the windows, and the drivers were men who believed in going at a good round pace. There appeared to be some excellent wild stuff about, however, with the usual complement of peaks, blasted firs, chalets, and waterfalls. I used to have a passion for mountain scenery, but I believe now I am beginning to be bored by it. I have a sneaking sympathy with that man in the D. H. Lawrence story who cried to the German girl: "I hate their snow and their affectations. Their loftiness and their uplift. I hate their uplift." I know what that man meant. There is something a trifle donnish about mountain scenery. It is beginning to have a double-first and prize-essay look about it. But there were some astonishing people among these mountains. The men all wore flattish black hats with long feathers in them, while capes and white trousers, all richly embroidered with crimson and blue, and various picturesque garments underneath; and I envied them a little; though I thought they wore these marvellous clothes rather self-consciously, and looked as if they did nothing else for a living but put them on and stand about in them, as if they were peacocks. All the way back to Cracow, Sunday Paper told me a long story about some scoop he had once made that involved Mr. Winston Churchill, so that by the time we arrived at the hotel, tired and dazed, it all seemed mixed up, like a dream, and I should not have been very surprised to meet Mr. Churchill on a mountain wearing white embroidered trousers. It was that kind of day.

I hope to return to Cracow some time, just to hang about in it, strolling round the old market place, where the peasant women with their shawls look as brilliant as humming birds, or taking another peep at Copernicus, who stands brooding in stone in the lovely old courtyard of the Jagiellonska Library. For about the equivalent of a shilling you can go anywhere you like in Cracow in queer little horse carriages, which make

the pleasantest *clipperty-clop clipperty-clop* on the cobbled streets. It is dusty in summer (and I should go in summer), but you can always stop for iced beer round the nearest corner. There is a possibility too that I may be able to come to terms with the iced crab soup once we know one another better. Here are streets in which there is a perpetual pageant: religious men in brown robes and sandals, students straight out of comic opera, Jews from the Old Testament and Jews from the dust-bin, mountaineers in white trousers, shawls as bright as any that Joseph Hergesheimer saw in Cuba, and the little carriages going *clipperty-clop*. The hours are sounded by a trumpeter from a tower. That is Cracow.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- ¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.  
¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

### THE PRICE OF JUSTICE

SIR,—Surely the quickest, simplest and surest way of securing cheap and speedy justice in this country would be to insist upon the fusion of the two branches of the legal profession?

Many years ago the business firm of which I was then a director was charged at Petty Sessions with obstructing the highway, and fined. As we believed that we were blameless and that the conviction was wrong we decided to appeal to Quarter Sessions, but found that Quarter Sessions refused the right of audience to mere solicitors and insisted that all cases brought before them should be conducted by counsel. Thus it came about that our solicitor had to engage a barrister and to tell him what to tell the magistrates sitting at Quarter Sessions. In other words, although we should have been perfectly satisfied to have our case presented by our very capable solicitor, we were compelled to spend a certain amount of time and a certain number of guineas in order to get a hearing for our appeal.

Such waste of money and time might not matter very much in the days of pre-war prosperity, but at the present time, when we are floundering in the slough of financial depression, waste of any sort is a crime, especially when the avoidance of it is so easy. The fusion of the two branches of the legal profession has worked perfectly well in the Dominions and in the United States and it would work perfectly well here, if we could only get rid of the idea—fostered by Lord Chancellor Sankey—that civil justice is a luxury and as a luxury it should be paid for at a fancy price.

I am, etc.,

C. F. RYDER

Scarcroft, Nr. Leeds

SIR,—The intentions of your leader-writer are excellent, and with part of what he says I agree, but the article itself shows how very little actual knowledge and research are needed to write a column or two.

To suggest that there is about as much work in a slander action as goes to the writing of an original column article in a newspaper is absurd. I speak from personal knowledge of both, although I admit that my journalistic experience is not extensive and my remuneration has not exceeded four guineas a column. Slander is an exceptionally troublesome form of action, owing to the numerous issues of fact and



law involved. It cannot, by the way, be commenced in the County Court, but is sometimes remitted there in proper cases.

I am, etc.,  
" A SOLICITOR "

#### CHINA

SIR,—The crisis in North China would not have arisen had the Soviets retained their extra-territorial rights. The position of Europeans in China with no protection against Chinese injustice is insupportable.

If England relinquishes its extra-territorial rights in Shanghai, a similar crisis will arise there. It can then only be a question of time before some power, prepared to back its claim with a large army, will put its foot down and keep it there. The situation will be very dangerous for England which will be compelled to alienate great powers whose friendship is invaluable.

The internationalization of Shanghai prevents such a crisis and, to judge from Constantinople and Smyrna, alone saved from ruin a splendid city created, as it happens, by Englishmen. Englishmen there now only ask the same justice that a Chinaman would get in England.

I am, etc.,  
C. A. KNAPP, Captain

#### LITERARY COMPETITION 177

SIR,—*Gainly* or (*gainli*) was an English word; Halliwell gives it in a very "suitable" connexion, viz., "A *gainli* word" as used by Beves of Hamtown: so it is racy of this Hampshire neighbourhood from which I write.

I am, etc.,  
C. R. HAINES

Petersfield

SIR,—The following words given by successful competitors may be found in Funk and Wagnall's Dictionary:

"Couth" (a Scotch variant), "effable" (archaic), "exorable," "gainly" (obsolete), "kempt" (obsolete), "peccable," "sipid" (obsolete). "Scrutable" is also given, but marked as obsolete.

I am, etc.,  
P. DONELAN

St. John's College, Southsea.

## THE THEATRE HAVING A HEART

BY IVOR BROWN

*Bitter-Sweet.* The Entire Production by Noel Coward. His Majesty's Theatre.

*Rees and Honey.* By H. F. Maltby. New Theatre.

CLINICAL examination of Mr. Noel Coward, subsequent to the product of 'Bitter-Sweet,' resulted in sharp cries of discovery. The young gentleman is in full possession of a heart! That, as Mr. A. P. Herbert might sing, will evoke some revelry in Ealing and I am glad to know that such cordial relations have been established between the new-found heart of Mr. Coward and the Great Heart of the People. Being myself no heart-specialist, I willingly accept the diagnosis, observing merely that 'Bitter-Sweet' seemed to me to be evidence of astonishing strength in other parts of the human frame. I refer not merely to brain, but vulgarly to "guts"—for which term there is really no polite equivalent. Consider the ordinary musical piece; there are, by custom, three authors who have adapted the libretto from the original of two or three others;

this libretto is then totally re-written or re-spoken by the comedian's process known as "working-up"; half-a-dozen songbirds pipe up the "lyrics" and "additional lyrics"; a couple of composers are lavishly helped out by "additional numbers" from hands across the sea; and then we start on the various producers. Contrast all this co-operative fury with the loneliness of Mr. Coward, who has, as the "parergon" of a singularly busy career, made all the ingredients and conducted the whole boiling with his own hand. All this from brain and nerve in addition to laying bare a heart! Greene sneered at Shakespeare for being "Johannes Factotum"; I pass the compliment on to Mr. Coward.

The attribution of normal blood and a warm arterial flow to one whose system was previously considered to consist of iced vinegar only is seemingly based on the fact that in the first scene of 'Bitter-Sweet' the silvery Sarah, Marchioness of Shayne (now sweet and seventy), rails against the heartless young ones of our time who marry without any propulsion of love and dance without any violence of locomotion. We are then "flashed back" to see her own more eventful and emotional career in the polka-period, the flight from an arranged and highly respectable marriage in the 1870's, the romance with the singing-master, the life at a Viennese café where he is a conductor and she a professional dancing-partner, the haughty young officer who covets her, the duel between officer and husband (fatal to the latter), the triumph of Sarah, now Sari, as a widowed vocalist, and her subsequent marriage with the imposingly Etonian Marquis. Now if anything emerges from all this, it is that the age of heart was a singularly silly and unpleasant one and that we are far better off to-day. If Sarah had been born fifty years later, she could have had her musician with half the fuss and the musician would not have slapped the offensive officer in the face and have found it necessary to be killed in a senseless duel.

The romanticism of which Mr. Coward is supposed to approve (on what evidence I know not) was the fag-end of a preposterous creed of "honour." This "honour" had nothing to do with honesty; if it had really been concerned with anything important one could respect it. It was simply a parade of pettiness in which somebody "insulted" somebody else, the insult culminating in a flick of the glove across the nose; after this there had to be some hazardous nonsense with swords and pistols in which the man who happened to be trained or adroit with the weapon chosen either wounded or slew the poor wretch who had not that advantage. Presumably the Austrian officer who pricked a vital spot of the band-conductor thought he had finely defended his "honour"; what he had really done was something just about as noble as taking a horsewhip to the baby. However, this is the romantic world of "honour," and Mr. Coward, by staging it, seems to me to have done far better service to the unromantic present than to the chivalry of the past. When a gallant officer of to-day covets the wife of a saxophone specialist, the verdict lies with the lady. She takes him or she doesn't, and perhaps a case slips silently through the divorce court later on. There is no need for the harmless musician to go and get himself idiotically killed. We have altered these things for the better; we may not have so much "heart," but we have considerably more brain.

So much praise has been written of 'Bitter-Sweet' that I suffered, inevitably, a little disappointment. The first act is slow and I am tired by now of being expected to laugh at ladies, whose garb suggests a rush of satin to the behind, prancing in the giddy polka with whiskered gallants. As a "period" joke, Mr. Herbert's version of 'La Vie Parisienne' is far livelier. But when we have reached Vienna, Mr.

Coward is himself again; Ernst Stern's café is a lovely spectacle of plush and garishness and the 'Ladies of the Town' number is Mr. Coward at his best; here he is more satirical than righteously romantic and the production of the song is an exquisite burlesque of the naughtiness of long ago. Furthermore, Miss Ivy St. Helier gives admirable point to a pastiche of the French *disease*; here performance is a superb one and Mr. Coward has confronted her with a drastic challenge. Instead of the conventional musical finale, in which the curtain of the second act is brought down on the entire company bursting its throatal cords around the dolorous heroine, he ends his great scene with the single sobbing of the little comedian over the dying musician. Miss St. Helier triumphantly carries that off. It is a singular achievement, for it is always difficult to act against the expectation of the audience who were certainly waiting for an orgy of top-notes.

We next have a glance at the 'nineties and listen to the "hearties" in a Ta-ra-ra-boom-deay melody and to the boys of the green carnation being frailly songful in drooping attitudes. Good fun in both cases; but, like Miss St. Helier's turn and the 'Ladies of the Town' ditty, they would both have been equally excellent in a Coward revue. In that case we need not have wandered on the long, long trail of romance with Lady Shayne and her musician, of whom, despite the pleasant presence and singing of Mr. George Metaxa and the charm and efficiency of Miss Peggy Wood, I became a little tired. I am glad that Mr. Coward has joined Mr. Herbert in a practical campaign to restore light opera as a modern mode of the theatre instead of leaving it to be a revived antique, for the lack of "operette" has been a scandalous deficiency of the contemporary drama. Mr. Coward has all the gifts, and what is even more important, all the energy and the organizing power to make a first-rate job of script and score. Accordingly, I salute 'Bitter-Sweet' as a very large achievement and make the personal reservation that I would sooner have a Coward revue.

Mr. Maltby is another in whom critical diagnosis has occasionally found excess of gall. But he has turned "hearty" this time; it is true that the characters of his farce are mainly "rotters," but they are more laughed at as clowns than railed at as cads and the world of "Cavender Castle" is richer in the affable idiocy of the Wodehouse-Hay school than in Mr. Maltby's authentic sarcasm. Thus denying his gifts the dramatist may assist his pocket and I wish him the best of luck, for, with one or two exceptions, he has lacked the fortune his powers have merited. (I have not forgotten his 'Mr. Budd.') The penniless young Earl with the masterly butler, the spongers, the crookess, and the heiress make up a house-party according to familiar plan and should evoke the familiar and favourable response from the holiday public. Mr. Allan Aynesworth is a paragon in the pantry and Mr. Clifford Mollison, who has a talent far above such foolery, fools brilliantly, applying to his antics of farcical distress the diligence and invention of a great actor.

## BROADCASTING

OVER thirty of the songs of Hugo Wolf have been given from Savoy Hill during last week, a remarkable feast for those discerning listeners who know the best and are willing to wait for its coming. The singer who presented the songs, Mr. George Parker, did what most will have wished for, in the circumstances—he treated the beauty of the music with understanding reverence. He is by no means an imaginative artist, which is not to say that he him-

self has no imagination but simply that his personality is not of the kind to convey subtleties. He goes gaily ahead, expressing adequately the general sense of a song. His greatest title to praise, and to our gratitude, is his sincerity. He never maltreated Wolf in those terrible ways that many "greater" singers feel they are allowed to do.

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Mr. Ernest Newman's weekly talks are always worth hearing, but never provide material for the wireless-critic (unless it be germane to say how poor Mr. Newman's voice was at first, and that it is now improving as a medium for broadcast purposes), being either impeccably expert, or diabolically provocative—and I have too often enjoyed the spectacle of other people sparring with Mr. Newman to provide a like amusement by treading on the tail of his trailed coat. At this time of year, when programmes are dull and thin, it is all the more delightful to hear him launch out, as he did last week, on one of his favourite cruises. Here is a hastily jotted paraphrase: "If ever Europe goes to war with America it will not be because of politics, economics or tariffs, but because of the kind of music America has been so eager to hand out to us; I mean Jazz and Negro Spirituals. If only they will take those back, the peace of the world will be assured." This, spoken with a whimsical deliberation and in Mr. Newman's own delicate phraseology, was remarkably funny. It is a great gift, this ability to raise the particular to the general and, in the process, illumine the subject.

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The following items are of interest for the coming week. Sunday: Woodrow Wilson's Armistice Speech before Congress (2LO). Monday: Miss Ethel Hewitt on 'An Eighteenth-century Boarding House' (2LO), Mr. D. Rhys Phillips on 'Old Welsh Drinks' (Cardiff and Swansea). Tuesday: Professor G. Paget Thomson on 'New Discoveries About Elections' (2LO), a broadcast arrangement of Shakespeare's 'King Henry VIII' (5GB). Wednesday: Miss Margaret Murphy on 'Phoenix Park, Dublin' (Belfast). Thursday: Mr. Peter Latham on 'What is a Good Song?' (2LO). Friday: Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe on 'London as I Found it' (2LO), Mr. H. C. Pawson on 'Agricultural Research' (Newcastle). Saturday: Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe on 'Border Warfare' (North of England).

CONDOR

## LITERARY COMPETITIONS—180

SET BY T. MICHAEL POPE

A. *We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a poem in the manner of Hilaire Belloc's 'Cautionary Tales,' beginning with the two lines:*

The only fault of Reuben Brown  
Was knocking aged spinsters down.

*Competitors are limited to twenty-four lines.*

B. *August in this country is generally recognized as the holiday month. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an essay of not more than three hundred words in length entitled 'My Ideal Holiday.' Competitors can give the freest scope to their imagination.*

### RULES

1. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 180a, or LITERARY 180b).



- ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.
- iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.
- iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the *first post* on *Monday, August 19*. The results will be announced in the issue of *August 24*.

## RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 178

SET BY H. C. HARWOOD

A. *We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a translation, into parliamentary language which the Speaker would commend, of the following:*

You dirty dog! If you had not robbed your blind mother of her savings, before throwing her into the workhouse, you would not be sniggering there, half tight, and pretending to be a business man when you are only a low crook.

Entries should not exceed 250 words.

B. *We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a list of the best seven actors (this term includes actresses) who are now appearing, or have within the last twelve months appeared, on the London Stage. The allotment of prizes will be determined by the popular vote. (N.B.—No "talkies"; a solid foot on a solid plank.)*

## REPORT FROM MR. HARWOOD

178A. This was a fairly popular competition, but no one surmounted the difficulties, which I admit are considerable, altogether to my liking. "Dirty Dog" drove some competitors into agonies of periphrasis. Any vague insult would do, although I must praise George van Raalte for "indifference literally cynical to the niceties of human conduct." That "literally" is a master stroke. But "dirty dog" does not really mean anything; it is just an angry noise. The more definite charges of intoxication and dishonesty can be softened till they sound like compliments. It is this matter of the blind mother's savings that challenges the ingenuity, for to call the old lady "a near relative who suffered from a pathetic infirmity," would not of itself lull the Speaker to inattention. No, this is a very solid, detailed—though, I hope, unfounded—charge that has to be made, and to make it without gross disorder might baffle a Dizzy.

Janhope, both of whose entries are commended, tries, "It would be unparliamentary to say that if he had not robbed his blind mother," etc. On what logical grounds except of irrelevance this could be ruled out is not plain, but I am certain that it would not be tolerated. Indeed, I think the device has been tried, unsuccessfully. For of course, if it were allowed, a member might say anything he liked, provided that he began, "I should not be in order, Sir, if—." In his other entry Janhope assumes that the scandal is so familiar that a distant reference will suffice. G. P. de Martin is even more gingerly. "I have no reason to doubt that this honourable member can speak from personal knowledge of our Poor Law Institutions, at any rate, of at least one of them," is amusing, but does not introduce the blind mother. Seacape ends well with: "A man of business may, I apprehend, legitimately induce his blind and aged mother to

embark her small savings in the enterprise which he himself is conducting. But what shall be said of the man who, so far from sharing with her some proportions of his gains, allows her to languish in an institution of which the very name," etc. Pibwob tries: "Had my mother been exposed to that temptation of avarice that assails the old. . . ." H. C. M. has "heard of a man who. . . ." The Hon. Gentleman sniggers. Perhaps he thinks my description fits his case? He is welcome to the assumption." Jas. J. Nevin, rather weakly, asks his enemy to "tell this House what he knows about the son who," etc. James Hall's Irishman strikes out a brilliant phrase: "The hon. member has bitten the blind hand that fed him and left it to fend for itself." For first prize I recommend Hippocleides, whose fell courtesy excuses a bad start, and for second prize N. B., who would find "postprandial hilarity" an improvement on his own euphemism.

## FIRST PRIZE

I have no desire to censure the Honourable Gentleman for his so thorough resemblance to that noble emblem of our race, the British bulldog. I can only sympathize with him over the unfortunate necessity which compelled him to undertake the responsibility of administering the fortune of a near relative suffering from certain physical disabilities, and of entrusting her to the more impersonal care of the State. Nevertheless, it seems doubtful whether the Honourable Gentleman, if he had not undertaken this most painful duty, would have acquired that—shall I say financial experience?—upon which his business reputation is based, and which enables him to regard the matter in hand, in so humorous—indeed almost convivial—a light.

HIPPOCLEIDES

## SECOND PRIZE

The Honourable Gentleman opposite—and I am glad he is opposite, for various reasons—is a gentleman—by birth. It is perhaps a coincidence—accidents will happen—that at a critical period of his career he derived considerable advantages from the provident investments of a very near relative, whose decease in reduced and pathetic circumstances has been fully reported in the public Press. If, I say, the Honourable Member has not derived these advantages—and I have no doubt the Honourable Member is aware how he derived them—he might not now be confronting me at this moment with his hilarious countenance—doubtless due to his having been "called to the bar"—and masquerading as a monarch of industry when in reality he is nothing more than a master of legerdemain.

N. B.

178B. The result as determined by your competitors' votes was: (1) Henry Ainley; (2) Marie Tempest; (3) Sybil Thorndike; (4) Gladys Cooper; (5) Edith Evans; (6) Mrs. Patrick Campbell; (7) (tied) Gerald du Maurier, Matheson Lang, Charles Laughton. The Haymarket two secured an overwhelming lead, and the others followed in a bunch. No competitor gave seven correct names, but three had six. Now the simplest way of placing these three was to allot seven marks for Ainley, six for Marie Tempest, and so on. A. Prosser out of a possible 28 marks scores 25, C. R. N. Hall 24 and S. Ross 23. I accordingly recommend A. Prosser for the first prize and C. R. N. Hall for the second.

## FIRST PRIZE

(1) Sybil Thorndike; (2) Marie Tempest; (3) Henry Ainley; (4) Mrs. Patrick Campbell; (5) Seymour Hicks; (6) Gerald du Maurier; (7) Gladys Cooper.

A. PROSSER

## SECOND PRIZE

(1) Gerald du Maurier; (2) Sybil Thorndike; (3) Henry Ainley; (4) Marie Tempest; (5) Matheson Lang; (6) Gladys Cooper; (7) Frank Benson.

C. R. N. HALL

## BACK NUMBERS—CXXXVII

IN one of the earlier of these papers the origin of the society "par." was discovered in De Quincey's gate-crasher, Mater Tenebrarum, otherwise Mrs. Dark: that discovery may now be supplemented by a brief report on the origin of chatter about the "cocktail-girl." Looking about for the beginnings of this latter "afflictive phenomenon" in Victorian literature, I have suddenly remembered they lie beyond my proper province, and indeed in a period so remote as that of the *Anti-Jacobin*. It is in the first canto of 'The Loves of the Triangles' that she appears, in the improbably modest rôle of Cinderella, to be transported in an atmosphere of cocktails to the dance at which lounge-lizards tend her:

Six cocktailed mice transport her to the ball,  
And liveried lizards wait upon her call.

A most notable instance of poetic prescience, hitherto, I believe, unnoticed.

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It was Frere who was responsible for that part of the poem, though he, Canning, and Ellis combined forces in the next instalment, and to Frere I shall presently return; but the continuation offers us, under a disguise which need baffle nobody, matter not less pertinent to cocktails and dancing. Frere or Canning or Ellis, for the authorship of the lines is not certain, affects to be describing the exercise of enchantment and the process by which a revolving triangle produces a cone. Yet all this is surely but concession to the eighteenth century, in which the prophetic soul of the wide world, dreaming on things to come, had no glimmer of the Martini and the Tango. To us, the writer's true intention is evident as we read:

Gins! ye remember!—for your toil conveyed  
Whate'er of drugs the powerful charm could aid. . . .  
Gins! ye beheld appalled the enchanter's hand  
Wave in dark air the Hypnothenusal wand;  
Saw him the mystic circle trace, and wheel  
With head erect, and far-extended heel.

And the subsequent review of bright young things strengthens conviction.

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Among those present, and the Christian names rival the best to which Lord Castlerosse and his school can introduce us, are Parabola, Hyperbola, Ellipsis. Parabola needs no lessons from the most forthcoming of the young of this age:

Climbing oft, she strives with bolder grace,  
Round his tall neck to clasp her fond embrace.

But Hyperbola is more subtle, with perhaps some pre-war technique:

Quick as her conjugated axes move  
Through every posture of luxurious love,  
Her sportive limbs with easiest grace expand;  
Her charms unveiled provoke the lover's hand.

Her dress, however, is of this moment, merely an affair of asymptotes. Now, as Dr. Johnson's Dictionary tells us, asymptotes are "lines which, though they may approach still nearer together, till they are nearer than the least assignable distance, yet being still produced infinitely, will never meet." What could more precisely describe the all but fastenable, never quite fastened, dresses with which her descendant of to-day delights alternately the Lido and the Libido Club?

But to the Gigolo, imperfectly disguised as Isosceles, faultless as a dancer:

Where'er he moves she sees his tall limbs trace  
Internal angles equal at the base;  
Again she doubts him, but produced at will  
She sees the external angles equal still.

We know the breed: *Angeli, non Angli*: dagoes all. And the modern mockery of romantic circumstances is clearly anticipated in the tryst at the Asses'-Bridge. But after that the poem whirls away into things for us irrelevant, under, I will suppose, a direction not Frere's, for Frere is a favourite with me.

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He was one of the best translators we have had, resourceful, supple, and in his demand that the language of a translation should not attract attention to itself exceptionally wise. He was an excellent scholar, without a trace of pedantry; a wit who never forced himself; and, in his casual way, a genuine man of letters, not merely a politician with a literary knack. His precocity was extraordinary; the periodical he and Canning produced at Eton, the *Microcosm*, not only bore reprinting, which no other schoolboy paper ever has done, but quite deservedly went into several editions, the last issued more than twenty years after its discontinuance. The literary wars of his maturity were waged without personal rancour, so that he felt no inconsistency in helping Southey with the 'History of the Peninsular War,' after having, jointly with Canning, made him matter for eternal laughter with the lines on Mrs. Brownrigg, the murderess, and the sapphics. I do not recollect that, beyond classing him with Southey, he particularly assailed Coleridge, but he was aware of Coleridge's early political opinions when he sought to comfort him in later years.

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I wish that one could credit him with the best passages in the latter half of the most earnest and most nearly poetical piece published by the *Anti-Jacobin*, 'The New Morality,' but all the evidence there is points to the lines about the English oak and the compliment to Burke—

As far in realms where Eastern kings are laid,  
In pomp of death, beneath the cypress shade,  
The perfumed lamp with unextinguished light  
Flames thro' the vault and cheers the gloom of night,  
So, mighty Burke, in thy sepulchral urn,  
To Fancy's view, the lamp of Truth shall burn—

being the work of Canning alone. Frere contributed some good lines to the piece, as did Gifford and Ellis; but the best of it is Canning's.

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But Frere never aspired to be considered a poet. Outside his translations, he used verse partly to indulge his sense of fun, partly as a political weapon. I think he would have seen the element of absurdity there is in the position of the full-time and permanent satirist, in what one can only call going into the invective business or setting up "Mangling Done Here" on one's front door. He wrote his parodies and stinging protests to the occasion, and when that had passed turned away. His girding was not hurdy-girding, as to speak; a mechanical railing at policies and persons, of which many greater satirists have been guilty, would not have beseeemed a man with his literary tact.

STET.



## REVIEWS

## THE ART OF EXAMINATION

BY EDWARD SHANKS

*The Art of Interrogation.* By E. R. Hamilton.  
'International Library of Psychology.' Kegan  
Paul. 7s. 6d.

"IT has generally been," says Mr. Hamilton, "as objects of abuse that examinations have occupied the public attention; they are, in fact, the constant butt of critics, who loose their bolts from many directions." This is true enough. There are few characteristic features of modern life about which it is easier to be superior, and he must be hard put to it who cannot contrive a joke or two at the expense of the crammer and the crammed, the examiner and the examinee. But the importance of examinations does not decrease, and it is high time that we had some exposition of the principles on which they are conducted, not in the technical language of the educationist and the psychologist but in a style capable of being understood by the ordinary man. Mr. Hamilton, who is Lecturer in Education at the University College of North Wales, has satisfied this want. "The art of assessing minds by means of questions," he declares, "is alive with interest," and so he makes it appear.

There is no subject, as he soon shows us, in which there exists more confusion of mind even among many of those who might be expected to be conversant with its elements. It is not surprising, therefore, that something like mental chaos should reign among those who have never given it a thought except to repeat parrot-like the old accusation that successful examinees do nothing but repeat parrot-like what has been taught to them.

The danger of the parrot is, of course, the first that has to be watched for and overcome. "The capital of France," says the geography book, "is Paris." "What," asks the examiner, "is the capital of France?" "Paris," the examinee replies. But we are left still in the dark as to whether he knows where France is or what a capital is. This may seem elementary, but it is a problem beyond which educationists have not yet passed. They want to ascertain in each case (i) what the examinee knows; (ii) what his knowledge means to him; (iii) how readily he can produce it; and (iv) what light is thrown by the answers to these questions on his aptitude for life in general or for some particular department of it. And they are still discussing how this can best be done.

Mr. Hamilton has done well, then, to begin at the beginning in the simplest language. He does not go very deep into the psychological subtleties to which prolonged consideration of his subject naturally leads. Nor does he give us, as I rather wish he had done, any history of recent educational theory in this matter. When he comes to the vexed question of "intelligence tests," he deals rather with the general principles on which they ought to be conducted than with the various methods which have actually been proposed. Yet such devices as the Binet-Simon tests, of which, if I correctly interpret him, he does not think a great deal, have recently threatened to take a place in educational theory and practice out of all proportion to the endorsement which experience has given them. (One advocate of such a system not long ago experimented with a group of Oxford dons and recorded as a curious and interesting fact that they showed a mental age of about fourteen.) These refinements of psychology are dangerous precisely because the defects and the failures of the normal examination system are more apparent to the general public than the difficulties with which it

has to contend. After one has gone on for many years mechanically drawing attention to its deficiencies, it is fatally easy to be overcome by a new system which promises, with a profusion of psychological jargon, to attain the desired result in a strictly scientific manner.

From the purely practical point of view, it may perhaps be said that Mr. Hamilton does not give sufficient attention to the problem of the "good examinee" and the "bad examinee." On this, Mr. Wells long ago made one of his *samurai* in the 'Modern Utopia' say a thing which has a great deal but perhaps not quite enough of the truth in it:

"But aren't there people who cannot pass examinations?"

"People of nervous instability—"

"But they may be people of great though irregular poetic gifts."

"Exactly. That is quite possible. But we don't want that sort of people among our *samurai*. Passing an examination is a proof of a certain steadiness of purpose, a certain self-control and submission."

It cannot be denied that the ability to collect and concentrate oneself for a special effort in the examination-room is indicative of qualities which must not be underestimated and which must be taken into account in the final reckoning. But these qualities can as easily be overestimated, and are sometimes of relatively small importance as compared with others which can very well exist without them, but unfortunately are thus not discoverable by the ordinary system. Most of us, no doubt, have within our recollections some such case as that which is now in my mind—the case of an exceptionally brilliant man the whole course of whose life was deflected (and for the worse) by a quite ludicrous inability to cope with the mathematical papers in Responsions at Oxford. He was never at his best, never quite did himself justice, in the examination-room, even when the papers were on his own subjects. When they were on mathematics, his normal grasp of the subject, which was not extensive but adequate, completely deserted him and he was eventually in consequence deprived of the University education which was his intellectual right. Such hard cases must always exist, but it is the business of those who study the technique of examinations to do what they can to reduce their number. Mr. Hamilton might do very useful work in considering how examining authorities could best deal with such exceptions.

One of the most interesting parts of the book is the final chapter on 'Questioning in the Classroom'—interrogation, that is to say, not as a means of discovering what has been learnt but as a means of teaching more. There is no surer way of making knowledge become a part of the pupil's mind than giving him an opportunity to reproduce it in his own way. This alone would suffice to justify the examination system. At any rate, I can give it as my personal experience (and I suppose I have sat for as many examinations as most people) that I have never emerged from one, on the subject of which I knew anything to begin with, without knowing more than I did before—in the sense, of course, of having my knowledge better under control.

Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Hamilton's practical advice is of the utmost possible value and his book is to be recommended on this account not only to teachers but also to all parents who take any interest in the education of their children. It is, indeed, the duty of all parents intellectually competent to do so to take such an interest. There is nothing else that we leave as a matter of course so blindly to the experts. We are accustomed to take with a grain of salt the asseverations both of our doctors and our lawyers and to expose them to the acid of our own common sense and our knowledge of the world. But what schoolmasters and schoolmistresses tell us we are inclined to accept as

though here the bias of the expert required no correction at all. It is true that we, as parents, are unable to modify in any important particular the system over which they rule: we cannot always disregard what they say as we can, when common sense bids, disregard the advice of doctor or lawyer. But, for this very reason, we ought all the more to keep a keen watch on what they say and do and be prepared to take such action as we can to manage the influence they exercise on their pupils, our children.

Mr. Hamilton's book, though it deals only with one corner of the subject, is such a book as parents may read with understanding and profit. It sets out first principles with lucidity and fairness and is stimulating enough to send the mind enquiring among problems beyond those with which it immediately deals.

### THE RELIGION OF PROGRESS

*French Liberal Thought in the Eighteenth Century.* By Kingsley Martin. Benn. 16s.

*Twelve Portraits of the French Revolution.* By Henri Béraud. Translated by Madeleine Boyd. With Wood-engravings by Bertrand Zadig. The Cayme Press. 15s.

*The Restoration and the July Monarchy.* By J. Lucas-Dubreton. Translated by E. F. Buckley. Heinemann. 12s. 6d.

THE first feeling of the reader in laying down Mr. Kingsley Martin's immensely learned book is one of confusion. Yet this confusion is to the credit and not to the discredit of its author. The school-master's and the scholar's tasks would be greatly simplified if it were possible truthfully to say, "The French Revolution occurred for the following five reasons" and then to dictate the reasons. But, unfortunately, history was not so considerate to the students for examinations, and truth has no larger enemy than that bastard lucidity which is attained only by an omission of all the data that do not happen to fall in with some easy formulæ.

Mr. Kingsley Martin gives us a masterly and detached account of the French Liberal thought of the eighteenth century. As is inevitable, there are small points which one would like either to question or to criticize. For instance, in a footnote he says, "Ancient and humiliating rights like that of *ius primæ noctis*, made famous by Beaumarchais, had never been formally abolished." What exactly is the evidence that such a *ius* had ever formally existed? To many, too, he will seem to exaggerate the importance of Bayle.

Only two larger criticisms of Mr. Martin's summary suggest themselves. First the influence of America on French thought—an influence which had begun before 1776 and was enormous after that date—is hardly mentioned. Secondly, in his search for principles held in common by all the Liberal writers, Mr. Martin neglects their common dislike of the family. Anarchists, collectivists like Morelly, Rousseau who gave maxims impartially to both schools of thought—all were united in this dislike, and it was not by an unimportant accident that the Revolution was to forbid a woman to be called the wife of her husband and command her instead to be called a citizeness of the State.

M. Lucas-Dubreton's book is one in a series to which M. Madelin and M. Recouly are among the other contributors, and it is very high, and at the same time very well deserved, praise to say that the new addition is entirely worthy of the distinguished company in which it offers itself. Louis XVIII is M. Lucas-Dubreton's hero. During the last two or three years of his life a Louis, sad, tired,

despairing, foreseeing that his brother would certainly ruin all his work, abandoned, it is true, his great attempt to make the French monarchy national and gave up to Madame du Cayla what he owed to mankind; but the first five years of the Restoration well deserve to be celebrated in those heroic strains in which M. Lucas-Dubreton has praised them.

M. Lucas-Dubreton shows how wholly false is a common view which looks on these years as years of intellectual stagnation. One has only to read the account of the conflict between the classicists and the romantics, whether in this book or in Victor Hugo's introduction to 'Hernani,' to gain an impression of the amazing intellectual pace at which French Restoration life was lived. It was these years which saw the developments of the great controversies of biological evolution between Cuvier and St. Hilaire, the foundation of at least two schools of thought—that of Lammenais and that of St. Simon—whose influence is present to-day all around us, impossible to escape and difficult to overestimate. It was an amazing period and Mr. Buckley will have done England a great service if by his able translation of this able book he helps Englishmen to understand its greatness.

The July Monarchy was a very different business.

That madhouse, France, from whence the cry Afflicts grave Heaven with its long, senseless roar, Matthew Arnold thought it. And, if we remember, for instance, the monotonous regularity with which assassins tried to shoot Louis Philippe, we must admit the deplorable strength during these years of what the Americans call "the lunatic fringe." "To-day a man is shot for a mere whim," said Doudan. The folly of Charles X, who, according to M. Lucas-Dubreton's just epigram, "believed that he owed it to himself to misunderstand the new France," had destroyed the popularity of the only form of Government which was at that date at all acceptable to the French people, and the trouble of France between 1830 and 1848 was that there was no single form of Government which had not more opponents than supporters.

Yet the period of the July Monarchy, in some ways a mere continuation of Bourbonism, in others surprisingly modern and even ultra-modern, was, as M. Lucas-Dubreton admirably shows, an interesting period. On the one hand, even a scientist, such as Arago, could still complain that to travel by railway "would make the army effeminate," while on the other there were appearing those first signs of that revolt against representative government for which other countries have had to wait until the twentieth century. If there is any criticism to be made of Mr. Lucas-Dubreton's book, it is that he sometimes weakens his own arguments by his neglect of what was happening in countries other than France. How greatly, to take but one instance, he could strengthen his panegyric of Louis XVIII by contrasting his wise policy with the folly of reaction with which during these same years both England and all the rest of the Continent was being filled.

'Twelve Portraits of the French Revolution' is a work of a calibre very different from that of the two books already noticed. Miss Boyd has made a slipshod translation of a dull and uninformative work. M. Béraud's historical judgment, where he ventures to judge, is not convincing. What evidence, for instance, has he for the extraordinary statement that France was "almost entirely Republican" in 1791? More often, he merely evades the duty of judgment. Of the charges of corruption against Danton, he writes, "This is not the place to separate the truth in their statements from their exaggerations and their passions." If a character-sketch of Danton is not the place, where then is that place? As for Miss Boyd's English, a sentence on page 84 is a fair specimen. "The first were too diehards, the second too defeatists," we read.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS



## ATLAS IN WONDERLAND

*The Makers of Civilization in Race and History.*  
By L. M. Waddell. Luzac. 28s.

ONE hardly imagines that the most desiccated bookworm would get much nourishment nowadays out of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. The misplaced scholasticism, to put it mildly, with which that Battle of the Books has become traditionally associated, has now, it appears, been transferred to Prehistory. The canons of orthodoxy in that science have been so severely handled of late years that part of the vacuum created by this displacement is liable to be filled by pioneers and discoverers whose port of embarkation is somewhere in Cloudcuckooland.

Mr. Waddell's very confident settlement of all the problems of Prehistory is set out in some 650 pages and might well have been published in the autumn season when the dog days are over. He begins his argument by telling us that "biologists have conclusively shown that civilization is fundamentally conditioned by a superior quality of race." One is reminded of John Stuart Mill's remark that "of all the vulgar modes of escaping from the consideration of the effects of social and moral influences on the human mind, the most vulgar is that of attributing the diversities of conduct and character to inherent natural differences." But even Freeman and Froude and Dean Inge might well cry with a united voice for deliverance from friendship when Mr. Waddell tells us that the Aryan or Nordic is the oldest of all civilized races and the parent of all other civilizations.

How it all happened is expounded in a volume claiming to be free from "the current dogmatic theories appealing to tradition and prejudice." Mr. Waddell has discovered the remarkable fact that the Sumerians and Aryans were racially identical. That the Sumerians have hitherto been presumed to belong to the Mediterranean race is an illusion so palpable that the author does not even regard it as worthy of mention. But this is mere *hors d'œuvre*. The Sumerian-Aryan founder of the Mesopotamian Empire (and so of world-civilization) was no other than Menes, the first king of the first dynasty of United Egypt. Menes's grandfather annexed predynastic Egypt, and Menes himself (clad in Gothic dress and calling himself Gut, viz.: the Goth) was likewise Dur who is Thur or Thor. Thetis, indeed, is not in it with his metamorphoses. He is Ia (Iu-piter), Arthur of Britain; his title being Pur or Bur he is also the "historical human original" of Prometheus, and he ended an adventurous career by dying in Ireland.

Nor did other Sumerian monarchs do so badly. Besides being themselves, they were the originals of Indra, Adam, Odin, Sir Gawain, Conn of Ireland, Cain, Enoch, Noah, Nimrod, Dardanus, Hercules, Osiris, Bacchus, St. George, St. Andrew and St. Michael. Perhaps Mr. Waddell's thesis is best indicated in his own words. The following extract has to be quoted in full because it makes a single sentence:—

The present volume demonstrates the absolute identity of the Sumerian kings by their still existing contemporary monuments and official dynastic lists with regnal years from the first king of the First Sumerian Dynasty at the Rise of Civilization above the twilight of its Dawn at Ukhu (Pteria in Cappadocia), who was the traditional founder of Civilization, continuously downwards in a long unbroken line to the later Babylonian period within the classical historical era, with the traditional kings of the early Aryans as faithfully preserved in the official king-lists in the Ancient Indian Chronicles from the first king of the First Aryan Dynasty at the same epoch, who was also the traditional founder of Civilization, continuously downwards to the classical period.

One could not put it more clearly, could one? And everybody knows that Cappadocia, where the first

Aryan king established civilization, is "really a part of Europe." Hence the founders of civilization were not only Aryans but Europeans. Mr. Waddell professes astonishment that all these obvious historical facts have not been revealed before. You have only to compare the inscriptions on the Oriental monuments with the literary remains of our Aryan ancestors. Is it not plain to the meanest intelligence that Bacon wrote Shakespeare?

This much, however, must be said for Mr. Waddell's fearful industry. If his book pontificates nonsense, the stagnant dogmatism of archaeological theory up to the last few years is responsible for it. The days of the "independent development of civilizations from savagery" are over, and if Mr. Waddell sees civilization as a unity from an angle of such hopeless distortion, at least he does understand the need of replacing the outworn formulæ with something fresh and nearer to our experience both of life and of history. That he makes a sad mess of it is unhappily not to be overlooked.

H. J. MASSINGHAM

## MELVILLE

*Herman Melville.* By Lewis Mumford. Cape. 12s. 6d.

IT is evidently not an easy matter to compile a life of the author of 'Moby Dick'—not even if, like Mr. Mumford, you are concerned less with mere events than with "that part of Melville which most matters," namely, "his ideas, his feelings, his urges, his vision of life." Now it is comparatively easy to write long chapters about a man's "urges," so long as he has not queered the pitch by butting in with explicit statements on the subject himself. Melville's references to himself in his books are vague enough. 'Redburn' may have been largely autobiographical; the hysterical, unconvincing hero in 'Pierre' may be, in places, a self-portrait. But we seldom know with any certainty; and the biographer is, therefore, free to select any passages he likes, and, working from them, to produce a picture of Melville's inner life which may or may not be accurate. The sad truth is that a plain statement of what a man did is usually more helpful than his own subsequent account of the "urges" which inspired him to do it—especially if we are uncertain whether the "urges" are his own or those of a purely imaginary character in a novel. Mr. Mumford sneers at those out-of-date critics who demand "facts, sir, facts!" But we put down his book more than ever convinced of the value of a few plain facts in a biography.

In Melville's case the "authorities" are briefly as follows: a very full diary which he kept during his visit to England in 1849; another diary, covering his voyage to Constantinople and the Near East some years later; and a small collection of letters. These, says Mr. Mumford frankly, "constitute with his books almost the only first-hand material" available. There are thus many blanks in the story of Melville's life, if not of his inner life. But Mr. Mumford, by a careful and discriminating study of the books, has succeeded in filling up several of them and has given his biography at any rate coherence. The early years, the adventures in the South Seas and with the whalers, are comparatively easily reconstructed from the books. Then came the period of feverish literary activity, culminating in that great work 'Moby Dick,' immediately followed by the first real (and deserved) failure, 'Pierre.' The effort was too much for Melville. He had a mental breakdown, which Mr. Mumford will not allow us to call "insanity," and he never again recovered his grip on the public. In later life he was compelled to take a post in the customs, in order to live. It is a sad, discouraging story, and Mr. Mum-

ford, though he has to "pad" a good deal to fill his space, tells it well.

It is precisely in dealing with that intellectual life in regard to which we are promised such full information that this well-intentioned biography most plainly fails. Nothing is gained by overpraising your hero, comparing him with Shakespeare and Dante and Dostoevski, asserting that 'Moby Dick' "belongs with the Divine Comedy and Hamlet," and so on. But Mr. Mumford has no sense of fitness in these matters. He brackets Buddha and Christ and Walt Whitman together in one sentence, and in the next asserts, quite meaninglessly, that "Melville, like Buddha, left a happy and successful career behind him," in order to follow his ideals. Melville wrote one great book, some good ones and some very bad ones; and he also wrote a quantity of indifferent verse which Mr. John Freeman has tried hard to praise. On account of that one great book, there is no danger that anything he did will be underestimated nowadays, provided always that his admirers behave with ordinary restraint and moderation. He does not need to be protected against his critics, but against his friends.

### A DIARIST OF CHARACTER

*The Diary of the Revd. William Jones: 1777-1821.*  
Edited by his great-grandson, O. F. Christie.  
Brentano. 21s.

EVERY diary kept over a number of years is interesting, for one sees the author gradually expanding or contracting; inconsistent, but generally pleading or posing for himself; looking back with surprise on forgotten hopes and forward to changed conditions. William Jones, a poor boy of Abergavenny Grammar School, had no money to make much of Oxford, and his stay as a tutor in wicked Jamaica was the most exciting part of his life. The rest of it was spent as curate and vicar of a Hertfordshire parish, where he kept pupils and had ten children.

His diary contains little in the way of amusing or stirring incident; it is his revelation of himself that makes it worth reading. It includes a perpetual display of biblical texts and improving remarks which grow tedious, but as we go on, the man holds us. He is, he confesses, a paradox, and his rapid alternations between despair and cheerfulness are remarkable. He begins by adoring his wife and noting that "many, very many hours steal imperceptibly away, amidst a thousand various, reciprocal attentions which greatly increase matrimonial happiness." Later he discovers that, coming of a legal family, she can talk him down and insists on being his "Commanding Officer." He admits that she is a sound mother and a thrifty housewife, but she will contradict him and has "a most unpleasant harsh way of doing right." The subject was doubtless expanded in his 'Book of Domestic Lamentations,' which is not extant. He is always writing, and even uses a slate in bed and sometimes in the dark to preserve his thoughts. We think him no more than a heavy, slightly pompous and rather morbid Evangelical, and then he bursts out into something shrewd and significant, a touch of description or a quaint note about his "fellow-worms." He can write beautifully about his mother and family, and he retains his scholarship through later years, but we do not find any of the wit which the editor ascribes to him.

A sedentary man, he loves his little library, keeps his coffin in it, and writes an 'Apology' for doing so. He is a little too fond of talking about bodies, like Hervey, the meditator among tombs, who was his model as a diarist and an indefatigable scribbler. He went into cheery society and blamed himself for

it, gave up tobacco and fought against snuff. He thought journalizing good for his spiritual state, and it has revived his memory, but it encouraged his disposition as an introvert. He was far too much of that for his own comfort. His character, revealed more fully perhaps in pages torn from the diary, interests us and might fascinate a psycho-analyst. Mr. Christie is a sound man of letters and has edited the book well, but too much is charged for it.

### CITIES OF THE DEAD

*The Silent Cities. An Illustrated Guide to the War Cemeteries in France and Flanders.*  
Compiled by Sidney C. Hurst. Methuen.  
10s. 6d.

NOT only the relatives and friends of the gallant dead, but all travellers on the Continent will find in this volume a valuable guide to the cemeteries where British soldiers are buried, and to memorials of the missing. And "British" includes all those of whatever race who served in the King's armies. These cities of the dead furnish a lasting reminder for future generations of sacrifice in a great cause; they present an epitome of dead soldiers who stood in ranks on the field of battle as the stones that commemorate their names stand in serried ranks in the cemeteries of the battle-front; they are not only a memorial to the dead, but an example and a warning of the cost of war that may well be taken to heart by all future generations of men.

It is fitting that this book, which furnishes evidence of the thorough and painstaking work of the compiler—to whom it has been a labour of love—should be added to our records of the war. And it is a satisfaction to read in Sir Fabian Ware's preface that the war cemeteries are of interest not only to those of nationalities within the British Empire; he tells us that they are so much a feature of the towns, villages, and country-side, and are regarded as so important by the people of those countries themselves, that permission was readily accorded by the proper authorities for road-signs to be erected indicating the direction to be followed in search for them.

The relatives of the dead have watched closely and with anxious appreciation the work of the Commission of Cemetery Registers, and, so far as has been possible, each next-of-kin has been furnished with a card having a photograph of the grave and directions how to reach it. But there has been a demand for photographs showing the general appearance of the cemeteries and memorials, and a clear indication of their geographical situation, to facilitate the planning and undertaking of visits to them. These particulars are furnished by the present volume, which is a complete illustrated guide to the war cemeteries and memorials to the missing.

It contains 959 illustrations of cemeteries and thirty-one maps showing their location, both inside and outside the battle area, wherever a cemetery contains more than forty dead. Brief notes indicate the nearest town or station, the distance, and the means of reaching the cemetery. The photographs show how carefully and lovingly the graves are tended by British gardeners, and we may echo the hope expressed in the preface that those touring on the Continent will turn aside to visit these cities of the dead, even though they may have no relative buried there. The gardeners, who are themselves men who served in the war, appreciate a word of commendation and encouragement from fellow-countrymen.

If travellers will take this volume as a guide-book, they will have no difficulty in finding the cemeteries. It would be well also if a copy of the book were acquired by every public library throughout the British Empire.



## BROTHERS OF THE ANGLE

*An Angler's Paradise.* By F. D. Barker. Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.

*Rod and Line.* By Arthur Ransome. Cape. 7s. 6d.

THERE is no better month than August for the appearance of new books on fishing. For the majority of fishermen this is the month in which they are forced to take their holiday, and, although August, as a whole, provides the worst fishing in the year, hope rides triumphant in the angler's heart.

Mr. Barker's book will tantalize the angler in search of new hunting-grounds. Here is a man who has discovered a real angler's paradise—the whereabouts of which, alas, is not defined more clearly than by the vague description of "somewhere in Ireland." Brought up in America, the author came to England as a boy in whom the love of fishing was inborn. For several years he wasted his time in Scotland, where he never felt at home because he was not allowed to fish on Sundays. Then through the kindness of an Indian medical surgeon came the great discovery. Mr. Barker packed his rods and set out for his Irish Eden, which is apparently somewhere in County Kerry, and there he has remained for the last thirty-five years. On the meagre data which he supplies I compute his age to-day to be sixty-seven, and, if he does not exaggerate, he has had thirty-five years of the best fishing that has ever fallen to the lot of any angler in these islands. He has had his difficulties. Like most of us, he has slept in houses where the roofs are more ornamental than rainproof, and he has had his

adventures with Irish beds. But the lakes and streams of his Irish "somewhere" have provided compensation for every discomfort. His first trout in Irish waters weighed exactly two pounds twelve ounces. He tells tales of trout of sixteen pounds. The largest capture to his own rod is a mere minnow of seven pounds. And in every chapter there are entries which rouse our envy: "Before ten o'clock I had eleven trout in the boat, all of my own, weighing just over twenty-nine pounds." That was a great adventure, but he did even better in the shimmering glory of an unforgettable Aurora Borealis. On that night he landed fifteen trout with a total weight of fifty-seven and a quarter pounds. "Taken all in all," he says modestly, "that was the best fishing I have ever had."

Mr. Barker is a fly-fisher, and even in his paradise there are days when the trout will not rise. He and his fishing companion have an understanding about blank days. It is this: "No trout, no shave," and occasionally it happens that one and sometimes two disreputable persons may be met with in Kerry. But when the trout will not rise, there are pike: giant pike, Irish pike, pike that take dogs and pull boys into the lake. Mr. Barker's best weighed thirty-two pounds.

There are countless fishermen who set down their advice or their adventures in books, but the number of writers who fish is few. Mr. Arthur Ransome is among them, and the charming essays, which he has collected in his 'Rod and Line,' should be read by every angler. Mr. Ransome is a philosopher who fishes, and whose ambition is to be called a fisher who philosophizes. I have come across him in various corners of the world, in Sweden, in Russia, and even in the turmoil of revolution we have discussed fishing and shared the same longing to escape

## A MAN IN RAPTURE

Quoted from "My Lady Nicotine," by Sir J. M. Barrie . . .

THEN I sat down beside Gilray, and almost smoked into his eyes. Soon the aroma reached him, and rapture struggled into his face. Slowly his fingers fastened on the pouch. He filled his pipe, without knowing what he was doing, and I handed him a lighted spill. He took perhaps three puffs, and then

gave me a look of reverence that I know well. It only comes to a man once in all its glory—the first time he tries the Arcadia Mixture—but it never altogether leaves him.

"Where do you get it?" Gilray whispered, in hoarse delight.

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from the raucous rantings of Red leaders to the peaceful quiet of the Russian countryside. Most of his essays deal with the North Country to which he belongs. He has caught his salmon, but like most real anglers prefers trout-fishing. He excels both with wet and dry fly and disdains neither. But when neither trout nor salmon are available, he will set out with equal eagerness after chub and grayling, perch, pike and even barbel.

His book is full of weird scraps of fishing lore rescued from old books and newspaper files. There is a chapter on Aksakov, the Russian Izaak Walton, and one on Stephen Oliver, a North Country enthusiast of ninety years ago, who, like Walton himself and Jean Pierre in Romilly Fedden's 'Golden Days,' subscribes to the virtuosity of anglers by declaring that "fishing never engaged the attention of a bad man." This book is the best contribution to angling literature that I have come across for a long time.

R. H. B. L.

### THE MIDDLE AGES

*Life in the Middle Ages: II, Chronicles, Science and Art. III, Men and Manners.* By G. C. Coulton. Cambridge University Press. 6s. each.

MR. COULTON is perhaps the chief of a small band of scholars, now that M. Langlois is dead, who make it their task to bring the past of our civilization to life again in our imagination. The life of our ancestors must have had, after all, a great deal in common with our own; the fundamental needs of life are unchanged; it is in the material surroundings that alterations and even improvements have been made. The revivalist preacher of to-day no longer denounces the complexity of women's dresses—it is their scantiness he objects to now; but he denounces it all the same. Tricks of trade vary as time goes on, but "business" is as dishonest now as then, quite as often. On the surface, however, everything is strange till we remember that, then as now, it is only the exceptional that is news worth recording—that the happenings in the chronicles were as unusual to the men of the day as to us, though from a different standpoint. Mr. Ford, who wants his workmen to be total abstainers, is but another St. Stephen of Obazine, who would not suffer his builders to eat flesh-meat; Master Simon de Tournai, the proud Doctor of Divinity, might shake hands with some of our modernist theologians; "Miss Beale and Miss Buss" would have rivalled Saint Douceline in austerity if they had lived in the ages of faith.

The extracts from chronicles and memorials of six different languages which Mr. Coulton has chosen and translated with masterly skill are to be used not so much to make new generalizations about the Middle Ages as to see that the current generalizations of historians are wide enough to include them, just as the generalizations about the Victorian Age must include Jack the Ripper and the Man and Dog fight, as well as Matthew Arnold and John Henry Newman. This having been said, we have nothing but praise for the way in which the editor has gone outside the familiar if wide field of French, English, and Latin anthologies. Ulrich von Lichtenstein is a lover to be put beside Petit Jehan de Saintré, a real find for an anthologist, and Bertrand du Guesclin is the prototype of many who are trials to their family to-day. The Cambridge Anthologies, of which series these volumes make part, are admirable introductions to a knowledge of the life of their times, and it was a happy thought to reissue the 'Medieval Garner,' long out of print, in this form.

### NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

*The World's Illusion.* By Jacob Wassermann. Allen and Unwin. 10s.

*Worlds' Ends.* By Jacob Wassermann. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

NOVELS translated from the German are being poured in upon us, and several—'Jew Süß,' 'Sergeant Grischa' and 'All Quiet on the Western Front,' for instance—have won great popularity. Thomas Mann's two big works, 'Buddenbrooks' and 'The Magic Mountain,' if they reached a smaller public, enjoyed an immense *succès d'estime*. But of all the invading hordes none comes with a greater reputation than Herr Jacob Wassermann.

It is not his first appearance. 'The World's Illusion' was published in England in 1921, and a much shorter novel, 'The Triumph of Youth,' a year or so ago. Then they came as single spies. Now they form part of a battalion, their strangeness has worn off, and by comparing them with their fellows we are better able to see what qualities are peculiar to them and what they share with other modern German novels.

Like the rest they are heavy, serious and humourless. This strikes one immediately and continues to strike, until the mind grows dull beneath successive impacts. They show no gift for compression and they are choked-up with unnecessary words. The translator of 'The World's Illusion' has a vocabulary equal to his task, but he does not use it to the best advantage. Naturally, since he is an American writing for Americans, his rendering, especially of slang, sounds strange to English ears. But it has infelicities of its own that do not depend on the different usages of the two countries, and provide continual obstacles not only to one's enjoyment but to one's understanding of the book. "Discouraged by so much discouragement" (I quote from 'Worlds' Ends') the mind grows tired of disentangling the meaning from the words, and though ordered by the will to "listen sharp" (again I quote) it finds the greatest difficulty in taking in Herr Wassermann's message.

For he clearly has a message, and a message, as the titles of his books suggest, of world-wide, of cosmic import. No novel, not 'War and Peace,' not 'The Brothers Karamazov,' has aims more ambitious than 'The World's Illusion.' Indeed, Herr Wassermann essays to be the German counterpart of Dostoevski. His central figure, Christian Wahnschaffe, looks at life from much the same standpoint as does Prince Myshkin or Alyosha Karamazov. He suffers from a divine discontent which he tries to assuage by adopting a way of life unconventional and almost meaningless to the worldlings around him, but one in which the more spiritually-minded can discern beauty and a faint mortal image of the life of Christ. Christian is a young man of great possessions who tires of the diversions his wealth and position give him, renounces his fortune and goes to live among the poor, courting "spiritual degradation." He certainly finds it. He gives his time, his attention and his money to two most unsavoury characters: Amadeus Voss, whose career in medicine he finances, and Karen Engelschall, a girl little better than a prostitute, whom he also supports, though she is not his mistress. These two charges he undertakes not solely out of love, nor entirely because he wants to right the wrongs suffered by his protégés in youth at the hands of society. There is a good deal of socialism, overt and implied, in the book; but Christian's guest, his



spiritual pilgrimage, rapidly takes him beyond the confines of political science. He cultivates Voss and Karen because through them he becomes acquainted with moral and physical wretchedness; they break down his confidence in life and in himself, free him from the last vestiges of spiritual pride. As in Dostoevski, we watch the poisons and vile humours of existence accumulate until in a murder of extreme brutality and horror they find at once their expression and their appeasement; in Christian's last interview with the murderer, Niels Heinrich, whom he persuades to give himself up, he attains, we are to suppose, something of the inner tranquillity he had been seeking:

They kneeled each before the other. Saved and freed from himself by that touch, the murderer cast his guilt upon the man who judged and did not condemn him.

He was free. And Christian was likewise free.

His task accomplished, Christian takes formal leave of his parents, who loved him, and disappears.

Whether in spite or because of his preoccupation with his soul's welfare, Christian is not a sympathetic character. True, he is not a prig, nor is his other-worldliness irritating or cloying. But he is a symbol, not a human being, and he moves in a world of symbols. Dostoevski was passionately concerned with abstractions, and often employed symbolism as a means of presenting them. But he only had recourse to it when the emotional tension of his narrative required it. As a rule the actions of his characters are to be taken at their face value, they have no ulterior meaning, or if they have, it is immediately apparent, and is not divorced from human personality, though it may bear a reference to abstract theory. In whatever Alyosha does or says one perceives immediately two distinct tendencies striving for mastery, or for reconciliation: the tendency to accept the imperfections of the human lot, and the tendency to deny them or correct them or subject them to a new and marvellous interpretation. Thus the best passages of Dostoevski are luminous with a kind of double truth: and it is precisely from the fusion of the two truths that the illumination proceeds. In 'The World's Illusion' this fusion rarely takes place; the symbolical and the actual remain in separate compartments, strangers to each other. Herr Wassermann's technique is the technique of the cinema, excellent, one would think, for symbolic effects. Careless of strict consecutiveness or coherence, he tells his tale in a succession of swift, isolated scenes, beginning abruptly and ending mysteriously and impressively. But after a time they lose some of their impressiveness, and their mystery, as we accustom ourselves to it, seems like a trick, an effect without an adequate cause, and the emphasis, falling with equal strength on each successive scene, grows monotonous and tiresome. And what exaggeration there is, what grandiloquence, what pomposity, what megalomania! "God forbid, dearest Countess," exclaims Crammon, "that I should be guilty of disturbing the admirable equilibrium of your mind and soul." This is just what Herr Wassermann wants to do; he wants to surprise, impress and shock us, or, as Crammon says, disturb the admirable equilibrium of our mind and soul; he is a sensation-monger—of the highest order, perhaps, but still a sensation-monger:

"There is no one who knows him" [says Becker of a certain Grand Duke]. "No one is able to see through him. I believe he is satiated. Nothing affects him any longer but some stimulus of the epidermis. The story is told that he sometimes has two beautiful naked women fight in his presence. They have daggers and must lacerate each other. One must bow down before that."

"I do not understand," Eva whispered wide-eyed. "Why bow?"

Why, indeed? By this as by many other marvels related in 'The World's Illusion' and 'World's Ends,' we refuse to be impressed.

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## SHORTER NOTICES

**Olden Times in Zululand and Natal.** By the Rev. A. T. Bryant. Longmans. 12s. 6d.

MR. BRYANT is undoubtedly correct in claiming that his book is "unique of its kind," and lays the foundation on which all future Zulu history must be based. He has spent nearly fifty years in missionary work among the Zulus, and has obtained from their old men and women an immense amount of traditional history, which, but for his interest in it, would have passed into oblivion. With the aid of this information, as well as what has already been printed in scores of volumes, he has produced an extraordinarily full account of the reigns of Dingiswayo and Chaka, the two great chiefs who formed the hundred clans of the Zulu race into a nation which for three generations held unquestioned sway in the country now known as Natal. Mr. Bryant complains that his seven hundred pages only represent the residuum left by an official reviser from his much bulkier manuscript, but most readers will find them adequate, and there is probably no race of equally primitive manners which has yet had its tribal history so completely told. We hope that Mr. Bryant will be able to complete the second part of his work, in which he promises to describe the social customs and mythology of the Zulus, whom no white man knows more intimately than he.

**Burford, Past and Present.** By M. Sturge Gretton. Secker. 7s. 6d.

BURFORD has, up to the present, remained unspoilt, owing its safety to its remoteness from the rail, and escaping the horrible fate of Broadway—once the most beautiful village in the stone country, now an annexe to an Ideal Home Exhibition—by not being on a main line of communication. But we are not sure that we approve of this book. Not that we do not appreciate its rare merit—indeed, we would have liked three copies of it to have been made in fair script on white uterine vellum, one for the British Museum, one for the Bodleian, and one for the author—but because we fear the effect of it on the motor-car public of to-day. Chipping Camden is trembling on the razor-edge between popularity and artistic refinement, and it might easily happen that the new interest in Burford that Mr. Gretton notes may prove its undoing in all that makes it charming. This is a second edition of one of the best local histories written, and though there are some places in which the author might have added a few facts recently brought to light, it still remains a model of loving care.

**Music at Midnight.** By Muriel Draper. Heinemann. 15s.

MRS. MURIEL DRAPER is Miss Ruth Draper's sister-in-law. She was born in Massachusetts and afterwards travelled in France and Italy; but this book, as her publishers explain, is concerned "mainly with the salon she instituted in London." It was held at Edith Grove, Chelsea, "and there Mrs. Draper attracted all the most interesting artists in London—Thibaud, Casals, Rubinstein, Moiseiwitch, Chaliapin and many others." It does not sound a very violently English kind of salon—not even when we add Mrs. Draper's further list of her husband's friends, "Bodansky, Mahler, Muck and Stokowski." But she also met Henry James, of whom she gives a facetious description, Mr. Norman Douglas, whom she calls "Doug," Miss May Sinclair, Mr. Robin de la Condamine and a few more, all of whom she describes with a kind of merciless frankness, as though they were objects under a microscope. Yet she says they were her friends—that "very dear person," and so on. It is a curious fact that the franker these modern autobiographies become, the less they convince. For instance, there is hardly a sentence in all the pages of dialogue which Mrs. Draper ascribes to her various acquaintances which sounds as if it were ever uttered by anyone.

**Oriental and Occidental Culture.** By Maurice Parmelee. Williams and Norgate. 15s.

THE book professes to furnish a comprehensive survey of Oriental in comparison with Occidental culture. It comes from New York and reads like a reprint of articles from a high-class transatlantic magazine. What is given is a series of Eastern aspects in relation to Western ideas. Sex in the east, nationalism and political theory, religion, recreation are among the subjects which attract Mr. Parmelee's particular attention. In his comparisons with the West he has a standard of judgment derived from old-fashioned hedonistic and utilitarian philosophy. The only problem before mankind, in "a universe coldly oblivious," is that of the art of living and the promotion of happiness; neither the East nor, in spite of its scientific knowledge, the West, has come near solving it. The Oriental fails through his "indifference to measurement and size," and Western Evolutionary materialism is still vitiated by teleological concepts and has not yet applied science to a "development of personality" based on "man's intimate relation with that (coldly oblivious!) nature." Mr. Parmelee is the author, as he reminds us in this connexion, of a book entitled 'The New Gymnosophy or Philosophy of Nudity,' which was suppressed two years ago by the District Attorney in New York. He found,

however, that even in those parts of the East where Western moral ideas have not percolated, there is a sad lack of an understanding of the "philosophical" values of nakedness. The "viewy" passages in the present book are less valuable than those which recount the direct experiences and observations of a traveller. Two chapters provide a well-documented account of the rise of Oriental Nationalism and another gives a series of interesting interviews with Chinese leaders.

**The Tale of Beatrice.** Translated by P. Geyl. The Hague. Nijhoff. 3s. 6d.

THIS is the fourth volume of 'The Dutch Library'—verse translations of stories from the Middle Dutch—of which there have already been noticed in our columns. The tale of Beatrice is another form of the old French story of the nun who leaves the keys of the convent on the statue of the Virgin and returns many years later to find that her place has been filled during her absence. The Dutch version has a peculiar fragrance about its way of telling the miracle, and Professor Geyl has translated it in a style, at once simple and direct, preserving its charm, which is enhanced by its setting. The typography and arrangement of the little book are excellent.

## THE AUGUST MAGAZINES

The *Fortnightly* for August gives us an historic parallel between Richelieu and Bismarck, drawn by Mr. Belloc; it is the sort of thing he does well. Mrs. Rowan Hamilton describes some experiences in Moscow; Mr. W. F. Gray finds a number of old letters on political subjects, including one of Robert Owen; Mr. A. Waugh, in 'Gone Native,' discusses the private life of young Englishmen in the tropics; Miss Thirkell renews for a few, and introduces to many, a knowledge of the stories of Frederika Bremer; Mr. Minchin discusses the relation between Nature and Art; and Mr. Bührer describes a visit to Horace's Sabine farm in the Campagna. A number of other good papers make up an exceptionally good number.

The *Nineteenth Century* contains Jix's apologia for the Home Office in the matter of the censorship of books. In the first place there is none, in the second it only acts when it is appealed to, and in the third, its actions are most necessary. Pornography cannot be freely scattered abroad because it is well written. Mr. Bührer describes the result, so far, of the draining of Lake



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# Book Bargains

Bernard Shaw's St. Joan. Illustrated. Limited Edition. Folio, fine copy. 1924. £5 5s.

Greville Memoirs. 8 vols. 1875. £3.

Works of Edward FitzGerald, translator of Omar Khayyam.

2 vols. 1887. 30s.

Tichborne Trial. Folio. Complete in Parts. Rare illustrated record. 1875. 25s.

Hardy's Wessex Novels. 17 vols. original issue. 1894. Rare. £12 10s.

Comte's System of Positive Polity. 4 vols. 1875. £3 10s.

Stirling's Secret of Hegel. 1898. 10s.

Locke's Human Understanding by Fraser. 2 vols. Best Edition. Oxford. 1894. £1 1s.

Rogers's History of Babylonia and Assyria. 2 vols. 1901. 12s.

Edgar Allan Poe's Works. 4 vols. 1874. 30s.

Scott's Waverley Novels. 48 vols. Half-calf, gilt. 1856. £10.

Thiers's History of the French Revolution, Portraits and other illustrations. 5 vols. London 1838. £3 10s.

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Noel Williams. Life of Queen Margot. 15s. Published at 42s.

Lucas. John Constable the Painter. 35s. Published at 63s.

# BOOKS WANTED

Bennett. Old Wives' Tales. 1908.

Tennyson's Poems. 1830 and 1833.

Tennyson's In Memoriam. 1850.

Lamb's Album Verses. 1830.

Shaw's Plays. 2 vols. 1898.

Hardy's Tess. 3 vols. 1891.

Melville. The Whale. 3 vols. 1851.

Boswell's Johnson. 2 vols. 1791.

Chesterfield Letters. 2 vols. 1774.

Wells's Time Machine. 1885.

Wells's Love and Mr. Lewisham. 1900.

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Nemi; the ruins of one galley have emerged. Mr. G. M. Sargeant deals with the well-worn subject of 'Plato's Quarrel with Art.' Mr. Spence writes on 'Scots Poetry To-day,' with some examples of "synthetic Scots." Mr. Wright directs attention to Johannes Secundus, a young Dutch poet of the late Renaissance who wrote quite good Latin verse; and there are papers on Socialism, the Native Question, Hungary, the Village and the Church, and Anti-Vivisection.

The *London Mercury* unearths a new agency for the scientific exploitation of literary "ghosts," refers to the Westminster Sacristy and Charing Cross Bridge, and tells us of the proposed reprint of the British Museum Catalogue—165 volumes of 500 pages each. Mr. Aldous Huxley has a story of two thwarted children; there is a variant of the were-wolf story. The best thing in the number is Mr. Orrick's 'Matthew Arnold and America.' Mr. Sparrow unearths a presentation copy of Cowley, and Mrs. Esdaile's note on Lamb and George Dawe brings out an unpleasant weakness of Lamb. Mr. Milne tells the history of the "Anti-Scrape" and its works, and the *Chronicles* are of a good standard of interest.

The *English Review* contains a paper by Sir Edmund Vestey on 'The Free Trade Folly.' Mr. Freeman writes on the encroachments of the Executive; Neon brings out the cost of the American Air Mails; Mr. Balfour traces the exaggerations in our accounts of Jeffreys and the myths that have grown round him, and there is a number of interesting reviews.

*Old Furniture* opens with a paper on some early Chinese pottery and porcelain by Mr. Hetherington. Miss Fairbridge writes on old South African furniture, much of it made by the Dutch settlers out of native and tropical woods, but with many imported pieces. Mr. Hughes deals with glass candlesticks; Mr. Reddie continues his paper on Italian furniture, this month devoted to ironwork; and Mr. Bernard Rackham describes the Swiss stained glass in Mr. P. E. Sidney's collection. As usual, the articles are sumptuously illustrated.

*Chambers* sets the scene for what promises to be a good story by Mrs. Maurice Walsh, the author of 'The Key above the Door'; and there is the usual plenty of good things, one of the best being the story of 'Prince Charlie's Polish Mother.' 'Not so Ignorant' shows how far in the scale of true civilization the African native has gone. 'The Heart of Things' deals with whale stories and whale uses.

*Cornhill* continues 'On Solway Bridge,' with its overshadowing fate drawing near. The other fiction is good, including the sketch of how Plutarch worked up his material; Mrs. Browning's letters, Lady George Murray's Recollections of George III, and Mr. Watson's experiences as a working tradesman are well up to the high standard of the magazine.

*Blackwood* opens with a description of Capt. Campbell's attempt on the record at Verneuk Pan; there are stories of the war, of fishing, of bad luck, and of Eastern treasure; there is a prototype of Capt. Dugald Dalgetty in Sir James Turner, whose career is described; 'Rumfy' begins to move, and Lady Robertson describes 'Some Little Houses.'

The *Realist* continues Mr. Jeffrey's study of 'The Future of the Earth'—this month dealing with the history of the moon. Prof. Fleure has a most valuable paper on 'The Races of Mankind' whose only fault is that it is too tightly packed. Dr. Campbell examines the case for 'An International Language,' and the possibility of its acceptance. Miss Holtby writes on 'English Literature and the Bible'—the neglect of Bible-reading is sad from this standpoint, but almost inevitable in modern conditions. Sir Frank Baines gives a long and most disheartening catalogue of misdeeds in 'Parliament and National Monuments,' and the Editorial Board does the best it can for itself in the matter of its attack on the B.B.C.

*Life and Letters* devotes the whole number to an abbreviated story by Mr. Richard Hughes—'A High Wind in Jamaica'—which recalls in many respects the middle Conrad.

The *Pall Mall Magazine* contains 'What I have Missed by being a Bachelor,' by Mr. C. H. Towne; stories by Mr. Ivor Brown, Mr. Mander, Mr. Mills and others; a number of general papers by Sir H. Austin, Canon Elliott and others, and some excellent illustrations.

The *Empire Review* contains a paper by Mr. Neville Chamberlain on 'The Empire and Industry,' emphasizing the vital necessity of increased exports; there are important notes on Egypt, the Awakening of Indian Women, Northern Rhodesia, and Shipping Legislation in India. 'A Race with a Storm' is well told.

*Foreign Affairs* opens with an examination by Mr. Norman Angell of the limits to Nationalism. If Egypt may close the Suez Canal, why may not the Red Indians claim the territories of the United States? The Soviet Government, which recognized the claims of China to be master within its territory, now finds itself forced, and rightly, to claim rights of passage through it. Nationalism v. Communism and the Anglo-Egyptian question are also subjects of articles.

The *World To-day* has a paper on the author of 'Maurice Guest'; a defence of Nobility; a paper by Miss Helen Keller; a further note by Mr. Henslow on the Rose Garden; 'Why be a Bore?' by Mrs. Elmer Davis, and the usual number of varied illustrated articles—one on the Bank of England.

## ACROSTICS

### PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition—a book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the Acrostic appears. (Books mentioned in 'New Books at a Glance' are excluded: they may be reviewed later.)

### RULES

1. The book must be chosen when the solution is sent.
2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, its price must not exceed a guinea, and it must not be one of an edition sold only in sets.
3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
4. Envelopes must be marked "Acrostic" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
6. Ties will be decided by lot.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 386

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, August 15)

SHADES OF THE GOOD IN THESE MAY HOPE TO DWELL;  
IN THAT THE DAMNED DEVILS ROAR AND YELL.

1. See Earth engulf his sons and all they own!
2. Swiss town and lake to British tourists known.
3. From ancient legend please extract the core.
4. A sacred tongue not spoken any more.
5. Devoid of power: the shelter strike away.
6. Word or expression of an earlier day.
7. For grannie's eyes the type's a trifle small.
8. A winter visitor this thrush we call.
9. Like shriek of harmless necessary cat.
10. As big as biggest brewer's biggest vat.
11. Down, down it comes, o'erwhelming all below.
12. From outline-sketch Croatian town must go.
13. Would pass for sardine, but the judge said 'No!'

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 384

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, August 1).

FAMED LONDON LANDMARK OF THE DAYS GONE BY;  
CAKES WHICH, ERE EASTER, IN THE SHOPS WE SPY.

1. "I'm not a fish!" No, yours is a hard case.
2. Cry raised by huntsmen eager in the chase.
3. What simple monk to thwart my will would dare?
4. Lends colour to the Book of Common Prayer,
5. As he did to the Breviary of old.
6. Core of what comes when the north wind blows cold.
7. Takes up much space, although its weight's but small.
8. We stony dames support what else might fall.
9. Ay, there it is! as you've heard Hamlet say.
10. He's rich—what's borrowed we must clip away.
11. The church his charge, a grave he'll stoop to dig.
12. Astonishingly great, sir, wondrous big.

### Solution of Acrostic No. 384

C	rayfis	H <sup>1</sup>	1	Crayfish is a corruption of <i>écrevisse</i> , which
H	allo	O		in its turn is a corruption of <i>krebs</i> , German
A	bbo	T		for Crab.
R	ubri	C <sup>2</sup>	2	The Rubrics were formerly printed in red
I	lluminato	R		ink, as they still sometimes are; hence the
S	N	Ow		name.
G	a	S	3	Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. 1.
C	aryatide	S		"Here Edward the First built a beautiful
R	u	B <sup>3</sup>		wooden cross, as a testimony of respect for
O	p	Uleni		his beloved Queen Eleanor; it was afterwards
S	exto	N		constructed of stone, and appears to have
S	tupendou	S		been of an octagonal form, and in an upper

stage decorated with eight figures: the whole, however, was levelled by the intemperate fury of the bigots during the Reformation."—Dr. Hughson's 'Walks through London' (1817).

ACROSTIC No. 384.—The winner is the Rev. G. P. de Martin, Syston Vicarage, Leicester, who has selected as his prize 'The Bloody Assize,' by Sir Edward Parry, published by Benn and reviewed by us on July 27. Sixty other competitors chose this book, fourteen named 'The Trial of the Lancaster Witches,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., Armadale, Barberry, E. Barrett, A. de V. Blathwayt, Bolo, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boris, Boskerris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Buns, Mrs. J. Butler, Carlton, E. A. Carr, C. C. J., Ceyx, Clam, Rev. C. J. Crabtree, J. R. Cripps, Mrs. Alice Crooke, Maud Crowther, Dhualt, D. L., Ursula D'Ot, Doric, M. East, Sir Reginald Egerton, Falcon, Gay, Hanworth, Iago, W. P. James, John Lennie, Lilian, Mrs. Lole, The Countess of Lovelace, Martha, M. C. S. S., Met, Mrs. Euan Miller, Mrs. Milne, Miss Moore, H. de R. Morgan, N. O. Sellam, Peter, Polamar, Rho Kappa, Mrs. Sennett, Shorwell, Sisyphus, St. Ives, Spyella, Thora, C. G. Tosswill, Tyro, H. M. Vaughan, C. J. Warden, Michael Watts, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Yendu, Zyk.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Boote, Miss Carter, Chailey, Chip, Farsdon, Fossil, G. M. Fowler, Glamis, H. C. M., Jeff, Jop, Miss Hepburn, Madge, A. M. W. Maxwell, J. F. Maxwell, G. W. Miller, Lady Mottram, Raalte, Rabbits, Stucco, Hon. R. G. Talbot, H. W. Thompson, Major F. W. Tomlinson.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Charles G. Box, J. Chambers, Dolmar, F. A. Finlay, Mrs. Greene, A. Mason, F. M. Petty, Lester Ralph. All others more.

POLAMAR.—The rule simply means this: That if you do not name a book when you send your solution, you are not entitled to choose one afterwards, in case the lot falls upon you.

FOSSIL AND G. M. FOWLER.—I do not think "dealing in" means buying and selling and nothing else. Emerson, if I remember rightly, says: "The spirit that is holy is reserved and deals in laws; rumours of ghosts and hobgoblins gossip and tell fortunes." In Ezek. viii. 18 we read: "Therefore will I also deal in fury."

## NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Where a book is not yet published, the date of publication is added in parentheses.

### ESSAYS AND BELLES-LETTRES

A MAD WORLD MY MASTERS AND OTHER PROSE WORKS. Volumes I and II. By Nicholas Breton. The Cresset Press. 50s. net. (Aug. 13.)

STUDIES IN EUROPEAN LITERATURE. By Janko Lavrin. Constable. 5s. (Aug. 15.)

ESSAYS OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY. By Ivor Brown. Harrap. 1s.

ESSAYS OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY. By Stephen Gwynn. Harrap. 1s.

### BIOGRAPHY

JUDGE JENKINS. Collected and Edited by William H. Terry. The Cayme Press. 10s. 6d.

GEORGE BORROW. By Samuel Milton Elam. Knopf. 10s. 6d. (Aug. 20.)

### VERSE AND DRAMA

GOLDEN FALCON. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. Macmillan. 6s. PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. By Eileen and J. C. Squire. Heinemann. 3s. 6d. (Aug. 22.)

### TRAVEL

DOWNLAND TREASURE. By Barclay Wills. Methuen. 6s. GUIDE BOOKS: WELLS AND BRISTOL; GLOUCESTER AND WORCESTER; CANTERBURY AND ROCHESTER. Bell. 2s. each. THE THAMES: PUTNEY TO CRICKLADE. Ward Lock. 2s.

### MISCELLANEOUS

EVERY MAN'S OWN LAWYER. By A Barrister. Crosby Lockwood. 15s. CINDIERI? OR EURASIANS AND THEIR FUTURE. By Cedric Dover. Calcutta: The Modern Art Press. Rupees 1/5.

### FICTION

THE MYSTERY OF THE PAPYRUS. By C. B. Vale. Methuen. 3s. 6d. MURDER AT THE KEYHOLE. By R. A. J. Walling. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

### REPRINTS

MODERN DETECTIVE STORIES. By Various Writers. University of London Press. 2s. KRAK THE KOOTENAY RAM AND OTHER STORIES. By Thompson Seton. University of London Press. 2s. SWORDS AND ROSES. By Joseph Hergesheimer. Knopf. 7s. 6d. (Aug. 20.)

## THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

STOCK markets have been dominated by the heavy exports of gold to France and by fears that these would result in a further advance in the Bank Rate. The fact that these heavy gold exports were not followed by any recovery in the Exchange led to the conclusion that the mainspring of the movement is political rather than commercial. If such is the case, it is open to question whether an advance in the Bank Rate here would do much to check the flow of gold to France, and although it might eventually attract some funds back from America, it is doubtful, again, whether even a 6½ per cent. Rate here would lead to any material transfers while call money in New York still commands from 10 to 12 per cent. In these circumstances it is not surprising that gilt-edged and other investment stocks have been particularly dull, while business in industrial and other shares has fallen to a low level. Apart from shares which have an international market, lack of interest and liquidation, forced and otherwise, while seriously affecting the most speculative, have greatly depreciated shares of sound and well-established undertakings.

Although these conditions have been mainly brought about by money considerations, it is nevertheless a fact at this time of the year, when holidays are in full swing, that interest in Stock Markets is usually at a low ebb and prices, with few exceptions, have a tendency to fall away. This falling away is usually followed by a turn for the better in September, and given some alleviation of the gold drain and consequent monetary position—and this appears likely in the near future, the Exchange having now recovered to some extent—there seems no reason to anticipate that this autumn will provide any exception to the rule. For those who exercise caution in their present purchases and have the patience to wait for results, the present position of the markets seems to provide some attractive bargains in most sections.

### GREAT LAKES STEAMSHIPS

Among the few features of markets during the past two or three weeks has been the demand for investments in Canada, with the result that the yields now available from good-class holdings of this nature have been reduced to a comparatively low level. Those who are interested in this area may, therefore, like to have their attention drawn to the 6 per cent. First and General Mortgage Bonds (1941) of Canada Steamship Lines. This company operates a fleet on the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence River. These are mainly concerned with the transport of grain. The company has other interests in locks, wharves, hotels and terminal facilities, in addition to which a large coal business is transacted. On last year's earnings the interest requirements of these first mortgage bonds are covered nearly five times. They are redeemable at 105 per cent. until 1932, and thereafter until 1936 at a premium which decreases one per cent. each year, and thereafter at 101 per cent. The present price of these bonds is 102½, which includes four months' interest, and the yield available is consequently about 6 per cent. For the permanent investor they may be regarded as a very good holding of their class.

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are worth consideration. There are 120,000 of these shares in issue. They are of no par value and rank behind 150,000 6 per cent. cumulative participating preference shares of \$100 each, on which, for the last two years, the full dividend has been paid. The earnings available thereafter for distribution on the common shares were equivalent to over \$3 per share last year, but so far no dividend has been paid. With two or three years more of satisfactory business and probably increased earnings, consideration is likely to be given to the payment of a dividend on these common shares. In the meantime, the equity behind them should continue to increase, which makes them have the appearance of a good lock-up for capital appreciation over the next few years.

#### HYDRO ELECTRIC SECURITIES

Since the shares of the Hydro Electric Securities Corporation were last referred to here, on July 6, there has been a material advance in the quotation, which, to a certain extent, reflects the appreciation which has taken place in the market values of the various holdings (in U.S. Utility undertakings) of this company. As most of the holdings are in companies whose shares are dealt in on the American Exchanges, the New York market being entirely a law unto itself, it is difficult to suggest what exactly may happen to the quotation for Hydros in the immediate future. Several authorities place the break-up value of these shares around \$85. Those who followed the original suggestion have a substantial profit in sight at current quotations: nevertheless, despite the fact that a higher price is ultimately to be looked for, it appears to be tempting Providence for them not to take, at any rate, on a part of their holdings, this material profit which is available.

#### UNITED MOLASSES

United Molasses is another share to which attention has been directed in these notes—the last time was on June 15. It will be remembered that over 400,000 new ordinary shares were issued last November at £2 10s. per share, and it is worth pointing out that this capital, excepting the amount invested in the American associated companies, earned no profit during the period, also the results of last year bore the full burden of the short, but very determined, struggle between the company and the American group over the leadership of the world's molasses business. This struggle ultimately ended with the company securing control of the American competitor, together with the benefit of the services of its management. The effect of this merger is likely to result in the current year's profits showing material increase over those of last year, from which it may be suggested that the shares are still good to hold for further appreciation.

#### BUANA M'KUBWA

Those who have purchased these, and other Rhodesian, shares, as a speculative lock-up for a year or two, should not feel alarmed at fluctuations which occur from time to time in these shares. Quotations are bound to be influenced by general market conditions, and, in any event, a year or two must elapse before definite results prove their actual worth. Although the possibilities of this field are undoubtedly considerable, it does not, of necessity, follow that every company will be successful, and, although future developments may establish the fact that certain shares are undervalued, it is quite possible that the reverse may be found to be the case in other directions. All mining ventures must be considered speculative.

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